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## REVIEWS

*The Member; an Autobiography.* By the Author of the 'Ayrshire Legatees,' &c. London, 1832. Fraser.

We rejoice to see the pen of Mr. Galt dipped once more in the lively ink of imaginary biographies; for though, as is pretty generally known, he was far from pleasing us by the way in which he attired truth, few have given us greater delight in dressing up an agreeable fiction. We hold the 'Annals of the Parish' to be one of the most singular and original books in the language;—true, and yet false; substantial, and yet visionary. Mr. Galt is excelled certainly, in some of the more shining qualities of a narrative; but, who has surpassed him in communicating to an ideal story, the attractions of real and positive truth? In others, we dread imposition from the almost unnatural loftiness of their language: in him, we recognize that unadorned sincerity, and natural simplicity of manner, which gains our entire confidence;—in others, we see the artist: but Mr. Galt, we never see; he works unseen, like a silk-worm, and covers himself all over with beauty. The acuteness, and singular sagacity which we have remarked in the 'Annals of the Parish,' and the 'Ayrshire Legatees,' are shared largely by this new Autobiography of 'The Member': the work will no doubt take rank with those productions; and though, as a whole, we cannot prefer it either to the 'Annals' or to the 'Provost,' yet we are sure, from the subject, it will be one of the most popular of the author's works. It is, in fact, what Hogarth somewhere calls 'a timid thing,' and will be relished by all—and they cannot be few—who admire the Election prints of the great painter; we shall be disappointed, if it is not quoted by both factions, in the present momentous debates on Parliamentary Reform.

'The Member,' is neither more nor less than the story of the fluctuating fortunes of a canny Scot, a certain Archibald Jobby, Member of Parliament for the ancient and purchaseable borough of Frailtown, in merry old England; he is a cautious, acute, and kind sort of man, does a little good, and no manner of evil, and acts upon the safe principle of giving offence to none. He is, moreover, a moderate Tory; yet he seldom appears, save on great occasions, under the banners of his party; he is a sort of waiter on Providence, and really has an art in finding little posts of profit and honour for his friends, which we cannot too much commend. He purchases his seat in the first instance—price for two years certain, 1200*l.*; secondly, secures his re-election by clever jockeying and careful bribery; thirdly, he beats the lordly proprietor of the borough, with his court candidate, at his own weapons of fair-speaking management and manoeuvring; and

lastly, the fires of Swing, and the fury of the Reform Bill, drive him from his pretty inheritance of Frailtown, in the south, to the Girlands in the north; and so ends his uneventful history.

We shall now select a few of these parliamentary pictures, and make a little exhibition, for the sake of giving our readers a notion of the matter and manner of 'The Member.' The Scottish members have never excelled in eloquence; our friend Jobby is therefore an indifferent speaker: he is, however, very dextrous in other matters; his début is capital:—

"No sooner had I, as it was stated in the newspapers, taken the oaths and my seat, than I lifted my eyes and looked about me; and the first and foremost resolution that I came to, was not to take part at first in the debates. I was above the vain pretension of making speeches; I knew that a wholesome member of Parliament was not talkative, but attended to solid business; I was also convinced, that unless I put a good price on my commodity, there would be no disposition to deal fairly by me. Accordingly, I resolved for the first week not to take my seat in any particular part of the House, but to shift from side to side with the speakers on the question, as if to hear them better; and this I managed in so discreet a manner, that I observed by the Friday night, when there was a great splore, that the ministers, from the treasury bench, pursued me with their eyes to fascinate me, wondering, no doubt, with what side I would vote,—but I voted with neither. That same evening, more than two of my friends inquired of me what I thought of the question. By this I could guess that my conduct was a matter of speculation; so I said to them that, 'really, much was to be said on both sides; but I had made up my mind not to vote the one way or the other until I got a convincing reason.'

"This was thought a good joke, and so it was circulated through the House, inasmuch as that, when we broke up at seven o'clock on the Saturday morning, one of the ministers, a young soft-headed lad, took hold of me by the arm, in the lobby, and inquired, in a jocund manner, if I had got a convincing reason. I gave him thereupon a nod and a wink, and said, 'Not yet; but I expected one soon, when I would do myself the honour of calling upon him:' which he was very well pleased to hear, and shook me by the hand with a cordiality by common when he wished me good night,—'trusting,' as he said, 'that we should soon be better acquainted.' 'It will not be my fault,' quo' I, 'if we are not.' p. 36—8.

A convincing reason comes to hand; his second cousin, James Gled, wishes to obtain the office of Stamp Collector, about to become vacant; he waits on his young ministerial friend, and informs him that he is come for his convincing reason:—

"I could see that he was a little more starched in his office than in the lobby; but I was determined to be troubled with no indifference, and said, 'My lord, you'll find me a man open

to conviction—a very small reason will satisfy me at this time; but, to be plain with your lordship, I must have a reason—not that I say the Government is far wrong, but I have an inclination to think that the Opposition is almost in the right.' And then I stated to his lordship, in a genteel manner, what James Gled had said to me, adding, 'It's but a small place, and maybe your lordship would think me more discreet if I would lie by for something better; but I wish to convince his Majesty's Government that I'm a moderate man, of a loyal inclination.'

"His lordship replied, 'That he had every inclination to serve an independent member, but the King's government could not be carried on without patronage; he was, however, well disposed to oblige me.'

"'My lord,' said I, 'if I was seeking a favour for myself, I would not ask for such a paltry place as this; but I'm a man that wants nothing: only it would be a sort of satisfaction to oblige this very meritorious man, Mr. Gled.'

"We had then some further talk; and he gave me a promise, that if the place was not given away, my friend should have it.

"'I'm very much obliged to you, my lord, for this earnest of your good-will to me; and really, my lord, had I thought you were so well inclined, I would have looked for a more convincing reason:' at which he laughed, and so parted. But, two days after, when the vacancy was declared, he said to me, with a sly go, 'That I was a man very hard to be convinced, and required a powerful argument.'

"'My lord,' quo' I, 'I did not hope to be taunted in this manner for applying to your lordship to serve an honest man with such a trifling post.'

"'Trifling?' he exclaimed; 'it is a thousand a-year at least!'

"'Well, my lord, if it be, Mr. Gled is as well worthy of it as another; I want nothing myself; but if your lordship thinks that the Government is to be served by over-valuing small favours, my course in Parliament is very clear.' 40—2.

Our friend Archibald makes a very sensible arrangement regarding the emoluments of this place; he contents James Gled with three hundred a year: settles another three hundred on his own natural son, an officer in the army, pensions his aunt with a hundred more, and allows the remaining three hundred to accumulate into a fund out of which he made benefactions and subscribed to charities. He found the English cormorant more difficult to appease than the Scottish raven: he attempted a similar division of the spoils of place with one of his purchased electors of the name of Spicer, and made him a stern and active enemy in all his future elections. How he outwitted the wily elector of Frailtown, manœuvred Gabblon, the opposition candidate, out of the field, and made a friend of Lord Dilliam, the patron of the borough, we have not room to relate. The friendship however of his lordship was conferred that it might do honest Archibald mischief: ministers conceived that he was

the dependent of the patron, and began to treat him accordingly: he quietly awaited the opportunity of a debate, divided against them, then waited on the minister and requested a small place for Tom Brag, one of his most useful electors. He was reproached for having voted against the government—a thing unusual with Lord Dilldarn's members.

"That, quo' I, may be very true; I am not, however, one of his, but standing on my own pockneuk: the rule does not apply to me. There is no doubt that I am naturally well-disposed towards his Majesty's ministers, but I must have a freedom of conscience in giving my votes. If you will give the lad Tom Brag this bit postie, I will not forget the favour,—gaff for gaff is fair play, and you will find I observe it."

The Minister looked at me with a queer, comical, piercing eye, and smiled; whereupon I inquired if my young man would have the post.

"It will be proper," replied the Secretary, "before I give you a definitive answer, that I should have time to investigate the matter."

"No doubt," said I; "but if the place is not promised away, will my friend get it?"

"That's a very home question, Mr. Jobbry."

"It's my plain way, Mr. Secretary; and as the place is but a small matter, surely you might give me the promise without much hesitation."

"Yes, Mr. Jobbry, that is easily done; but do you know if it would please Lord Dilldarn that we gave it to you?"

"I'll be very evenhand with you: as an honest man, Mr. Secretary, I cannot take it on me to say that the appointment of Tom Brag would give heartfelt satisfaction to his lordship; but I have set my mind on getting the place for Tom; and, really, Mr. Secretary, you must permit me to think that it's not just proper that an independent member should be refused a civil answer until my lord this or that has been consulted."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jobbry. I hope that you have no cause to think I have been uncivil: a system of conciliation and firmness belongs to Ministers on all occasions."

"True, true," said I; "so Lord Sidmouth said would be the conduct of his ministry towards France, and then he went to war with them. But even, Mr. Secretary, although you may go to war with me in your conciliation and firmness, as I consider a refusal in this matter would be, it will make no difference in the ordinary questions in Parliament; but you know that, from time to time, the Opposition make harassing motions, in which the good of the nation has no concern, though the felicity of ministers may. You understand."

"Really," replied the Secretary of State, laughing, "you are a very extraordinary man, Mr. Jobbry."

"I am an honest member of Parliament."

"I see you are," was the reply.

"Then if you do, Mr. Secretary, you will promise me the place."

"In short, from less to more, I did not leave him till I got the promise; and from that time I heard no more of my Lord Dilldarn." 119—21.

Having gained all his elections by jockeying and bribery, he has, accordingly, become acquainted with all manner of tricks and stratagems in contested matters, and cuts a very respectable figure in a committee appointed to inquire into a strong case of bribery and corruption.

This little volume abounds with passages remarkable for quaint and judicious remarks, and simple yet sagacious sayings: the following is very adroitly done:—

"It is surely a very extraordinary thing to observe at the meeting of every new Parliament how it is composed; but nothing is so much so as the fact that there is a continual increase of Scotchmen, which is most consolatory to all good subjects. Both England and Ireland have many boroughs represented by Scotchmen, but never yet has it been necessary for Scotland to bring a member out of either of these two nations. This, no doubt, is a cause of her prosperity, quite as much as the Union, of which so much is said, and proves the great utility of her excellent system of parish schools." p. 116.

We one evening heard an Irishman upbraid a Scotchman with the want of eloquence of his countrymen, and particularly with its absence among the chosen five and forty. "Very true," said the latter; "it's a melancholy truth; but I aver, and I'll prove it, that eloquence is injurious. Our Scottish members are dumb dogs, that's certain; while the Irish are all eloquent to a man: yet see how well Scotland thrives, and look at the sad condition of Ireland—in fact, man, the Scotch *act*, and the Irish *speak*; and there's the secret of national happiness or misery." We are much pleased with sallies such as that, and any reader will readily find them in the pages of Mr. Galt: nor can we avoid admiring the *naïveté* of our worthy member, who bribes and jockeys his way into the house, and then stands stoutly on his independence.

We wish Mr. Galt would do nothing but write imaginary autobiographies.

*How to keep House; or Comfort and Elegance on £150 to £200 a year.* Griffiths. This is a companion to the Book of Economy—written in the same spirit of fun, and affording the same broad laugh at the expense of a narrow income. The Economist here directs a brace of housekeepers with 200*l.* a year, how to live upon 197*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* or 2*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* within their means—and in doing this, you have, as usual, a proportion of Swift to swallow.

Mrs. Glasse in her directions for bare-dressing, begins, "first catch your hare"; and accordingly the wag slips his young couple of housekeepers after a house. It must be low, but not in a low neighbourhood—not to exceed 30*l.* a year; and, as firing off a practical joke, this is one of the author's great guns. Armed with this thirty-pounder, he directs the unfortunate house-hunter to beat about Paddington, Kensington, Kennington, Brixton, Kentish Town, Hackney, and Clapton, in the hopeless hope of bringing down a landlord to his terms. Now we happen to have asked the rent of a tenement that was advertised, in letters that absorbed the whole front, "The Cheapest House in London," and it stood at something like 200*l.* a year.

Supposing a 30*l.* house to be obtained, the Economist insists that the cellars must not be damp,—and truly his dry humour provides for the dryness of the vaults, by allowing only 3*l.* a year for wine and spirits—the "wine for Sundays, and spirits for an occasional visitor, and as medicine." Prudence would say, try a tract of the Temperance Society on a dropper-in, and as to wine, go right though your Table Bay without touching at the Cape—but that would be contrary to the mocking spirit of the author. Thus, in regard to consumption,—we mean the disease that preys on victuals, not on

vitals,—he prescribes rather a Long-ish treatment for a shortish purse; and talks to his housekeepers of the poultry, which is certainly beyond the Cheapside of an economical bill of fare. *Encore un coup.* By way of being *near*, in your marketing, he bids you send from Kensington, Brixton, or Paddington, to Covent Garden, for a cabbage; and as the servant is too old to go alone, there must be two savoyards to a savoy. "If in London—do your utmost to obtain a decent active girl, at least thirty miles from town—and never permit her to go out to *any distance* without you." What a pleasant forgetfulness of the *distance* that ought to be between mistress and maid—to say nothing of the rule at p. 13, to avoid all familiarity with a domestic. But the author, like Beatrice, always "huddles jest upon jest." What might be gained by getting your greens from four miles off, is meant, of course, to be invested along with the savings of the maid of all work. "Give her 6*s.* per annum, paying it punctually every quarter; advising her as to the best mode of expending it, partly in dress, and placing the remainder in a Savings Bank." What amount Dolly or Deborah might save out of such an income, might be ascertained by the rule of three, remembering that her master and mistress, with 200*l.* per annum, have a surplus of 2*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* It might possibly suffice to take her for once to the Pit at Astley's at half-price—but the author has in store a pleasanter expedient for both Dame and Deborah. "For coach-hire, summer excursions, and an occasional visit to the theatre, you must, fair lady, *MAKE A PURSE.*" Many innocent persons would read "*TAKE A PURSE,*" and suppose there was a misprint;—but they would mistake the peculiar vein of the author. The truth is, this recommendation is in ludicrous keeping with the rest. There is a notorious proverb about making a purse;—and the Economist, knowing that the fair lady possesses no other material, very gravely commands her to the sow's ear.

Such are the precepts which the Economist recommends to the "*serious study*" of small householders, at the serious price of one shilling, and to purchase which will only deprive them, according to the estimate, of all their coffee for a week.

#### PROHIBITED CORRESPONDENCE.

*Briefe aus Paris, 1830-1831. Letters from Paris.* By Lewis Börne. 2 vols. 12mo.

Börne has long been known in Germany as a popular and "ready" writer; but chiefly in the department of periodical literature, to which he has contributed smart reviews, political squibs, and theatrical criticisms. His pen is like a wasp's sting; piercing and acute in its first infliction of pain, but leaving no poisoned wound behind it. If he may not lay claim to striking originality, he yet possesses the talent of giving utterance to other men's thoughts in clear and vigorous language: when he thinks for himself it is too often at the expense of taste and natural expression: in the attempt to captivate the eye, he leaves the mind unconvinced, and the heart untouched. But we have no time to spend on the merits or defects of a writer, whose productions are so little known to the English reader. His last work is now before us; it

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has made a considerable sensation amongst his own countrymen; and entailed prohibitions without end on the part of their thousand and one governments. Both sensation and prohibition were indeed a natural consequence of the freedom which he has given to his anti-monarchical opinions, and the extent to which they are carried in these letters; in truth, there is scarcely a page of his correspondence into which he does not insinuate his hatred of monarchical and aristocratical institutions; and wherever his pen most overflows with gall, there you may confidently expect to find his irony or humour disporting at the expense of a crown or crownet. But Börne shall speak for himself; and the very opening of his first letter will furnish an index to the spirit in which every succeeding one is conceived. It is dated from Strasburg, 5 September 1830.

"Some of the legion of devils, who fretted within me, have already taken their departure. The nearer I approach the French frontier, the madder I become. Aye, and I foresee what is the first thing I shall do on the bridge of the Kehl, as soon as I have turned my back on the last Baden sentry."

Two days afterwards he thus writes from Strasburgh:—

"The first French cockade which came across me, gleamed from the hat of a countryman who passed by me in Kehl, on his way from Strasburgh. I was in raptures at the sight. To me it wore the appearance of a modest rainbow after the deluge of these days of ours; it was like a symbol of reconciliation with the appeased divinity. Of a truth, when the tri-coloured ensign flickered before my eyes, the sight produced indescribable excitement. \* \* \* It was a varied mixture of love and hatred—joy and grief—hope and fear. Neither could resolution dispel the melancholy, nor melancholy dispel the resolution, which clung to my bosom: it was a struggle which would neither close nor be appeased. The ensign stood on the middle of the bridge; its staff being set on French soil, but a portion of the flag waving in German air. Ask the first and wisest secretary of legation you meet, whether this is not a violation of the law of nations? It was the red stripe in the ensign which flapped within the border of our mother-country, nor more nor less than this; and 'twill be the only colour which we shall receive as our portion of French liberty. Scarlet and blood; aye, blood,—and that blood, alas! poured out on no battle field!"

In a subsequent letter from "Dormans," he observes, that he had found nothing worthy of being noted in his diary, save that he "saw men ploughing in Lorraine with six horses," and "that Conrad (his valet) kept up a contest with his driver, for whole hours, on the *ordonnances* and liberty of the press, with quite as much ardour, as if they had been discussing oats and straw;" adding with bitter sarcasm, "what would my lord of Münch-Bellinghausen do were his coachman saucy enough to prate of the liberty of the press? would he not summon a confidential meeting of the Noble Diet of the Germanic Confederation, and insist upon its affiliated members sharpening the teeth of the censorship?"

Popular institutions and public liberty have already made wholesome strides in most of the minor states of Germany; the will of the sovereign has ceased to be the arbiter of national right and wrong in Bavaria, Baden, Hanover, Saxony, and Brunswick; but the "vox regis, suprema lex" still hangs, with a fearful dependence on the

temperament of the ruler, over the heads of the Prussian and Austrian; under their firmament, therefore, such outpourings as Börne's are considered as wholesale incendiaryism.

But now to subjects which may claim more favour in the eyes of the general reader. There are few who have not heard of the St. Simonians. We like much the *naïveté* with which Börne dispatches them:—

"A religious society has of late been instituted here, whose labours tend to diffuse the principles of St. Simon. Before I came here, I never heard that this Simon existed. Preachings are held on Sundays: and, as I am told, an equal distribution of property is one of its leading principles. The society has already a number of adherents, and the zeal of my banker figures as one of its most zealous members. When I call upon him for money, and present him my draft, I shall naturally expect to hear him say, that there is no earthly need for paying it; '*What's thine is mine!*'"

Hence he at once brings us into contact with the only survivor of Mehemet-Ali's gifts to the three crowns of England, France, and Austria.

"Yesterday I went to see the giraffe, who roams at her ease in an enclosure. It is a most exalted creature, but withal a somewhat ridiculous one; a majesty grown top-heavy. We may kick our heels no short space before it pleases her to raise a leg and put herself in motion. She generally stands still, lolling against trees, or the wall of a building on the spot, and nibbling at the uppermost branches, or the roof. The animal has a very metaphysical look about her, and appears to touch the earth only for the purpose of treading it contemptuously under foot."

The description, which follows, of a *soirée* at Gerard's, the painter's, is touched in a pleasant, and, withal, an instructive vein:—

"On Wednesday evening I was at Gerard's, the celebrated painter's, whose *salon* has existed for these thirty years past, as a resort for the most distinguished individuals. It is, in every sense of the word, a *nocturnal assembly*, for it opens at ten o'clock, and you are admitted even after midnight. Gerard is an extremely polite host, and a man of refined manners, but there is much of the aristocrat about him. (I could not refrain from laughing at my involuntary introduction of the "*but*"). He does not appear to me as if he had ever felt the slightest touch of our Teutonic mew-and-wining after the arts. \* \* \* Under his roof I found Delphine Gay, the poetess, Amelot, the dramatic minstrel, Humboldt, Meyerbeer, David, the sculptor, who was at Weimar last summer for the purpose of modelling Goethe's bust, young Hiller, our fellow-countryman, who stands in great repute here as a composer and piano-forte player, Vitet, the author, who writes under the fictitious name of Stendahl, and a variety of other scholars and artists. One of our poor German scholars will turn to saffron with envy and vexation of spirit when he sees how lustily the French writers thrive. Besides the full purse, which their works bring them, they are raised to office by the government. Stendahl, for instance, is on the point of having his appointment to Triest, where he has been appointed Consul. Vitet is a writer of beautiful historical romances, such are 'Henri III,' 'Les Barricades,' and 'Les Etats de Blois.' He has obtained a situation, which I heartily envy him—that of 'Conservateur des Monuments d'Antiquité de la France.' This post did not exist in early days, but was created for him by Guizot, the minister, who is Vitet's patron. He has nothing more to do than to explore France once or twice in the course of the year, inspect the ancient edifices of the times of the

Romans and middle ages, the temples, aqueducts, amphitheatres, and churches, and prevent their falling to decay. For this he receives an annual stipend of fifteen thousand francs (600*£*. sterling), over and above his travelling expenses. Could there be a more delectable occupation than this for such an one as myself—a lazy dog fond of roaming?—And is it not enough to make a man beat his head against a wall, that he is *German* born, and may toil for ever without raising his head above indigence? Much, it must be admitted, is done for the arts and sciences in Germany, but nothing at all for artists and authors. Under this sky, the government distributes annual prizes for the best productions in painting, sculpture, lithography, music, and all other proficiencies. The chief prize consists in bestowing a yearly pension of three thousand francs (120*£.*) on the victor; this lasts for five years, and the return required of him is, that he should spend that interval in completing his schooling at Rome. A German would make himself merry at the idea of such an *infliction*, for he had much rather live at Rome than in Berlin or Carlsruhe. But the Frenchman frequently feels it as a yoke, for he does not leave Paris with a willing heart. In this way a young man of the name of Berlioz gained the first prize for musical composition last week. I know him, and like him much; he looks indeed like a genius. Did you ever hear of such a thing under our firmament? Remember poor Beethoven. What indignation lays hold upon me! For heaven's sake send me a bushel of German dust, that I may swallow it off at once! Besides, the meal is good for the digestion, and you will afford me the means of destroying and devouring that hated soil, at least figuratively."

Of the writer's knack at sketching "character," we have some pointed specimens:—

"I place great reliance on Talleyrand's services in London, and am no way inclined to allow myself to be sent on a wrong scent by the Parisian mannerists. He will not fail to carry every point; for being the only statesman, who has neither passions nor system, he has a clear perception of circumstances, as they really stand. He was always an adept at profiting by the faults of others, and, we may rest assured, there will be no want of faults on this occasion. I cannot but smile, when I cast eyes on the tribulation of the liberal papers, who predict, that Talleyrand will, as a joint-concocter of the treaty of Vienna, stand up to defend the resolves and conditions of the Holy Alliance. That's not the man to buckle his faith to earthly things!"

The minister, who launched the idea, that a citizen-king might have "subjects" like any other crowned head, is dismissed in fewer words:—

"Montalivet, the new Minister of the Interior, is not more than eight and twenty years old. He was never councillor, privy-councillor, nor cabinet-councillor; never chamberlain; never president;—yet he comes forth minister at a single breath. There's no longer a Providence on earth."

Yet Börne, in spite of his worship of the new order of things, seems to have made the notable discovery, that man is, after all, but of the flesh, fleshy:—

"Lafayette told the people, that it was possible for a king to love freedom; and the people believed him. Heaven defend me from ever handling the reigns of power! I learn here, from the best of them all, that so soon as we rise to power, we first lose our heart, and next our head, and retain only just as much of our understanding, as is requisite to keep the heart from rising up again. \* \* \* If ever I become a minister, set these democratical lines before my eyes; but—expect no answer from me. I shall smile over them, and ask you to

my next ball; and then you will smile with me. We, ministers, and you, men, are just as nature formed us both."

We take our leave of these letters, without any very favourable impression of the judgment of the writer: he is, undoubtedly, a man of genius, but wanting in discretion: he may be sincere in all the opinions advanced; but we can but think him an indifferent advocate, who rouses the prejudices of the reader against his cause. These letters, however, have made so much talk on the Continent, that we think this notice of them cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers.

*American Stories, for Children above Ten Years of Age.* 2nd Series. Selected by Miss Mitford. 3 vols. London, 1832. Whittaker, Treacher & Co.

In whatever Miss Mitford writes, there is always a trace of the gentlewoman, as well as the woman of talent; and the following passage from her preface to these little books for little people, especially delighted us:—

"With regard to the Americanisms, I have generally left them as I found them. Children, like all inexperienced persons, are fastidious and bigoted adherents to their own narrow range of language and manners; and it seems to me no mean part of an enlarged and liberal education to show them that the standard of gentility differs in different countries, and that intelligent and cultivated people may, without the slightest tincture of vulgarity, use words and idioms of which these little exclusives never heard before,—thus, in American phraseology, a shop is called a *store*, and autumn the *fall*, and children frequently address their parents with the affectionate and homely appellations of Father and Mother, instead of the colder and more infantile elegancies of Papa and Mamma. This last trait I have been careful not to expunge, because it is particularly characteristic of the country and the people."

We want more of the high-bred homeliness that tinges Miss Mitford's mind, and enables her in her writings, to describe "the common life our nature breeds," without being coarse, and to introduce more refined personages, without betraying aristocratic prejudice. She is perfectly untaught by the "Fashion-pest," that is rapidly bringing fiction to its last gasp. She is the genius of gossip, and a gossip of genius—we speak now of her prose writings, in which she chooses to do little more than gossip—but assuredly, she is capable of much more. Many clever persons overlay their tales with the expression of personal opinion; they present us with quotations gathered from all quarters of the world, and with sentiments composed at all hours of the day and night;—meanwhile, the narrative drags, and when desiring an incident, we are met by a disquisition. Miss Mitford, on the contrary, gives too little personal remark; a speculation, or a general opinion, is a rare occurrence in her pages: she tells what she sees, what she hears, and oftentimes what happens to her, but very seldom what she thinks or feels. She belongs in this respect, to an older race of authors—those who wrote *for* the public, and *not to it*. The public, like the Pope, was formerly considered a grand, mysterious abstraction, to be approached with awe, and thought of with reverence—it is, now, every writing gentleman's valet, and every writing lady's waiting-woman, before whom the writ-

ing gentleman and writing lady do not scruple to appear in undress. The "public" now enjoys all the domestic privileges of the domestic "nobody"—the friend who is always introduced as "only so-and-so"—the mute receiver general of secrets—the person whom no one is afraid of, ergo, whom no one cares for. The "public" (once terrific sound—now sublime nonentity,) is thought no more of by the majority of eloquent writers, who decoct their lives and opinions three times a year, into three three-volume-bottles, than that far-known person—the "old woman who lived in a shoe." Miss Mitford is a gossip of genius; but it is in facts and observations—not observations and reflections: she may enlarge on trifles, but she never puts those flippant egotisms into print that would be considered incorrect in real life. She may be too indiscriminate and shadowy in her sketching of character, making all too external and glossy—she may not exhibit the depth and power of some of her contemporaries—hers may not be an "introverted eye," so much as one that roves over the surface of what surrounds her;—but in her own woodland path, she is an honour to modern literature. We must, however, protest strongly against her doings and misdoings in the matter of cricketing and coursing;—against the sporting propensities of her pen. With respect to this new series of American Stories, several are well written and interesting, endowed with good morals, and marked by nationality in the cast of incident and description. We would instance the 'Sea Voyage,' the 'Canadian Travellers,' 'The New England Farm-house,' and 'The Talisman,' as favourable specimens; but the true biographies of Lucretia Davidson, and of Wilson the Ornithologist, excel all the fictions in point of writing, interest, and worth. We cannot specify any one of the tales as particularly striking—and a few are stupid—nevertheless, handsomely bound, selected by Miss Mitford, and containing incident and information of a foreign cast, we doubt not the volumes will be favourites with many young readers. We must, however, express surprise at the miserable engravings prefixed; they must have done duty in days of yore.

*Norman Abbey; a Tale of Sherwood Forest.* By a Lady. 3 vols. London, 1832. Cochran & Co.

THESE volumes are from the pen of a lady—a plea which she has put upon the title-page, and which, as gallant critics, we are bound to answer by treating her with all reasonable courtesy. We suppose we can have no right to complain that she has availed herself of one of the most ancient and unquestioned privileges of her sex, and taken advantage of her kind of *ex cathedra* position, as an authoress, to indulge in a little gossip. Assuredly, she does ramble away through these pages, chatting "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," in a manner which, if the lady be young and fair (as we are bound to suppose every lady to be, till she is proved to be otherwise), may, we dare say, be graceful enough, and seem even oracular, when the priestess is in presence. At the same time, however, we do feel that we want some such aid to the due appreciation of her metaphysics, and that, in fact, her gossiping strain altogether would be none the worse for all

the advantages which it could gain from the "helps" of an intelligent eye (for an intelligent person the fair authoress undoubtedly is, though a little prosy), and a musical voice.

The work, if we read its design aright, seems intended to shadow forth, in the person of its hero, the character, and, in part, the fortunes of one who built for himself an everlasting monument, and dug for himself an early grave. The scene is laid at an ancient abbey on the borders of Sherwood Forest; and, we suppose, that for Norman, the authoress intends us to read Newstead, and for Lord Fontayne, Lord Byron. This hero, the descendant of an ancient line, is unexpectedly called from his retirement with his mother in Scotland, to succeed to a title, to which he stood not in the direct succession, and takes possession of the old abbey under circumstances closely resembling those which attended Lord Byron's advent at Newstead. We have, too, the story of his early and blighted love, and his long and haunting regrets, the "antique oratory," and the foreign travel, and some attempt at painting the progress of a mind in which all good elements seem to have been mixed, and only prevented from working to purer and nobler ends by fetters from which it was gradually struggling into freedom, and shadows which were fast clearing away. It is true that the authoress, in tracing the progress of that wayward spirit, has, with great femininity of property, directed it, in her fiction, to holier issues, and given a brighter result to the conflict of his fortunes, than, unhappily, the original supplied her with; and, in doing so, she has, probably, endeavoured to describe either what she believed would have been the final triumph of the lofty parts of his nature, had fate not stepped in too soon, or what, in the gentleness of her woman's heart, she earnestly desired might have been so. All praise be to her, therefore! It is pleasant to find stranger hands (and gentle ones too) plucking away from the grave of genius the weeds which have been sown there by those who should have kept it clean and undefaced. It is pleasant to find pilgrims going with flowers to that tomb, beside which, love, who should be a watcher, has sent foul calumny to take her place.

Of the manner in which the authoress makes her wayward hero speak and act, we shall offer the reader the following sample—promising, however, that it does certainly seem a sufficiently wayward one, and that we do not precisely see in what manner Evelyn, the Lord Fontayne, was to obtain from it the angury which he sought, touching his chance with Bertha, the "lady of his love":—

"His wounded heart, yet reeking under the pangs of a first disappointment, echoed the mistrustful sentiment; and Lord Evelyn de la Fontayne, in the prime of youth, in the dawning vigour of a gigantic intellect, and the full possession of hereditary distinction, would often, as he turned from the stormy world within, to the peaceful one around him, envy the careless mirth and brute enjoyment of the animal creation.

"His meditations at this instant rose from acuteness to desperation.

"What shall I do?" thought he, as his mind reverted to one everlasting, but tormenting subject. "Bertha is yet free, and I cannot leave home without a last effort. To set off with these distracting doubts were madness; for, go where I will, they pursue me, like the Furies of old. Fancy shall decide for me," said he, whistling up his favourite spaniel. "The cackling of geese

saved Rome—of the sibylline oracles, one volume was nevertheless spared. Who knows but fancy, who governs love, may decide for me, or that the last page in Fortune's book may be the luckiest? Concentrating the rays of vision into one focus, that he might ascertain with more certainty the exact distance at which a small skiff lay anchored on the north side of the lake, Evelyn, with an elastic bound, hurled a large pebble, which fortunately alighted in the middle of the boat.

"That's right," cried he, exultingly, as he bent over the water, tossing back from his forehead the clustering locks which waved in negligent disorder to the passing breeze; "my part is done; and now, Fancy, for yours!" addressing at the same time some words of encouraging import to the watchful animal. Fancy obeyed the summons, and plunging into the water, swam towards the opposite shore. For a length of time she kept head above, turning about to satisfy herself that her heroic exertions were not unnoticed, and answering by renewed activity, the cheering acclamations of her master, whose whole soul seemed intent upon the result. The struggle soon became serious, for the lake was both wide and deep. The muscular powers of poor Fancy gradually relaxed, and, baffled by the current proceeding from a small river which ran into the lake, she suddenly dived under the water, and disappeared. Evelyn, regardless of anything but the danger of his faithful attendant, prepared to plunge after her; but, when a few tremulous moments were over, the poor creature raised her dripping head, and making a desperate effort, reached the boat; couched herself at the stern tenaciously holding out her fore-paw to secure her prize, in a state of panting and breathless exhaustion. Evelyn called to the boatman to drag her out on the opposite side; but Fancy, understanding his halloos as a farther stimulant, rallied her sinking powers, jumped out of the boat, laden with the ominous pebble, and being assisted by the current, reached the shore, deposited the fatal gift at her master's feet, and, after two or three convulsive gasps, expired. Evelyn stooped to raise up her head, and gazed with heartfelt grief upon this hapless victim of a heedless frolic. The men were summoned, and restoratives tried, but in vain.

"And this is what I have gained by my folly!" thought Evelyn, as he stroked the wet silky coat of the spaniel, whose glazed eyes no longer recognised the form on which they had loved to dwell, and placed her fore-paw upon his bended knee: "Poor Fancy! thou hast paid the penalty of my rash diving into futurity;—the oracle, if indeed it bode good, has been too dearly propitiated!" ii. 312—16.

*Observations on the Mussulmans of India, Descriptive of their Manners, Customs, and Habits.* By Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali.

(Second Notice.)

Mrs. Meer Hassan Ali's account of the wedding which followed the strangely-characteristic wooing described last week, is very interesting. She was herself what we should call the bridesmaid, and presented herself, to the wonder of the native ladies, (who cooped up from infancy in the Zenana, had never seen an English woman,) in an English dress. She was welcomed by the lady-mother in the great hall, and sat down with her upon the carpet, when she received a present of a dress glittering with gold, which she forced on over her own clothes. Then came the introduction to the bride—a poor little girl sitting in a side hall, with her face resting on her knees, whom it was her duty to decorate with the jessamine garlands, and the

nuptial ring, placed on the forefinger of the right hand. The ear-rings, the gold tissue dress, and the deputtah followed; and when the money-offering—as essential as any of the other articles—was presented, Mrs. Ali fed her fair little friend (a girl of twelve years of age,) with seven pieces of sugar-candy, and retired after giving the first embrace.

After an exchange of dresses, ceremonies, and processions, the youth is at last introduced into the Zenana:—

"The ladies crowd into the centre hall to witness, through the blinds of bamboo, the important process of dressing the young bridegroom in his bride's presents. The centre purdah is let down, in which are openings to admit the hands and feet; and close to this purdah a low stool is placed. When all these preliminary preparations are made, and the ladies securely under cover, notice is sent to the male assembly that, 'Dulha is wanted'; and he then enters the zeenahnah court-yard, amidst the deafening sounds of trumpets and drums from without, and a serenade from the female singers within. He seats himself on the stool placed for him close to the purdah, and obeys the several commands he receives from the hidden females, with child-like docility. The moist mayndhie is then tied on with bandages by hands he cannot see, and, if time admits, one hour is requisite to fix the dye bright and permanent on the hands and feet. During this delay, the hour is passed in lively dialogues with the several purdahed dames, who have all the advantage of seeing, though themselves unseen; the singers occasionally lauding his praise in extempore strains, after describing the loveliness of his bride, (whom they know nothing about), and foretelling the happiness which awaits him in his marriage, but which, in the lottery, may perhaps prove a blank. The sugar-candy, broken into small lumps, is presented by the ladies whilst his hands and feet are fast bound in the bandages of mayndhie; but as he cannot help himself, and it is an omen of good to eat the bride's sweets at this ceremony, they are sure he will try to catch the morsels which they present to his mouth and then draw back, teasing the youth with their banterings, until at last he may successfully snap at the candy, and seize the fingers also with the daintiness, to the general amusement of the whole party and the youth's entire satisfaction."

When all this is over—

"The dinner is introduced at twelve, amongst the bridegroom's guests, and the night passed in good-humoured conviviality, although the strongest beverage at the feast consists of sugar and water sherbet. The dancing-women's performances, the display of fireworks, the dinner, pawn, and hooka, form the chief amusements of the night, and they break up only when the dawn of morning approaches." i. 281-2.

The procession to "bring home the bride" is very magnificent; but the marriage ceremony, to which all this is only a prelude, is singularly simple. The bride, it will be remarked, has never yet been seen by her wooer.

After this weighty business is over, we turn for recreation to the amusements of the people. The children sometimes venture upon a game at marbles; but this is the most active of their sports. Instead of running and racing (like little Jack and Tom in merry England), they prefer joining their fathers and grandfathers in flying kites upon the roofs of the houses. This is an amusement not peculiar to any age in Hindostan, where, however, considerable ingenuity is exerted in the game,—it being a contest of

kites, in which each party endeavours to cut his adversary's string, and whirl him down from his "pride of place":—

"Having provided themselves with lines, previously rubbed with paste and covered with pounded glass, they raise their kites, which, when brought in contact with each other by a current of air, the topmost string cuts through the under one, when down falls the kite, to the evident amusement of the idlers in the streets or roadway, who with shouts and hurrahs seek to gain possession of the toy." ii. 14-15.

Pigeon-fancying is another great amusement; and to a people who never walk when they can possibly help it, cock-fighting, pigeon-shooting, the dumb-bells, wielding the sabre, and darting the lance, vie in attractions with a moderate ride on horseback or on the elephant. The bow and arrow are also greatly in use; and the pellet-bow offers at once an amusement and a necessary occupation:—

"The pellet-bow is in daily use to frighten away the crows from the vicinity of man's abode; the pellets are made of clay baked in the sun, and although they do not wound they bruise most desperately. Were it not for this means of annoying these winged pests, they would prove a perfect nuisance to the inhabitants, particularly within the confines of a zeenahnah, where these impudent birds assemble at cooking-time, to the great annoyance of the cooks, watching their opportunity to pounce upon anything they inadvertently leave uncovered. I have often seen women placed as watchers with the pellet-bow, to deter the marauders the whole time dinner was preparing in the kitchen. The front of these cooking-rooms are open to the zeenahnah court-yard, neither doors, windows, nor curtains being deemed necessary, where the smoke has no other vent than through the open front into the court-yard.

"The crows are so daring that they will enter the yard, where any of the children may be taking their meals (which they often do in preference to eating them under the confinement of the hall), and frequently seize the bread from the hands of the children, unless narrowly watched by the servants, or deterred by the pellet-bow. And at the season of building their nests, these birds will plunder from the habitations of man, whatever may be met with likely to make a soft lining for their nests; often, I am told, carrying off the skull-cap from the children's heads, and the women's pieces of calico or muslin from their laps when seated in the open air at work." ii. 19-21.

The Indian-Mohammedans take great pleasure in making elephants drunk, "by certain drugs mixed up with the wax from the human ear," and setting them to fight. Tigers and elephants also enter upon the arena in mortal combat, and tigers and buffaloes, or aligators; or, in the absence of such lofty excitement, it is deemed an amusing pastime to throw in a tame antelope or stag, and see it torn to pieces by a leopard. Tigers and leopards are frequently tamed and brought into the room after breakfast, as an English gentleman would exhibit a favourite spaniel.

As for the ladies, they play at dice, draughts, and cards, or listen to stories like those of the Arabian Nights till they fall asleep:—

"Persons of rank are shampoed by their slaves during the hours of sleep, whether it be by day or by night; and if through any accidental circumstance the pressure is discontinued, even for a few seconds only, the sleep is immediately broken: such is the power of habit."

Domestic slavery is represented by Mrs.

Ali as being peculiarly mild among the Musulmauns; and she tells the following characteristic anecdote of a punishment inflicted upon a female slave:—

"I have heard of a very beautiful female slave who had been fostered by a native lady of high rank, from her infancy. In the course of time this female slave had arrived to the honour of being made the companion of her young master, still, however, by her Begum's consent, residing with her lady, who was much attached to her. The freedom of intercourse, occasioned by the slave's exaltation, had the effect of lessening the young creature's former respect for her still kind mistress, to whom she evinced some ungrateful returns for the many indulgences she had through life received at her hands." \* \* \* A stout silver chain was therefore made, by the Begum's orders, and with this the slave was linked to her bedstead a certain number of hours every day, in the view of the whole congregated family of slaves." ii. 88-9.

Among the medical recipes mentioned by Mrs. Ali, we select two for the benefit of the faculty. The first is, "Drinking the moon":

"A silver basin being filled with water, is held in such a situation, that the full moon may be reflected in it: the person to be benefited by this draught is required to look steadfastly at the moon in the basin, then shut his eyes and quaff the liquid at one draught. This remedy is advised by medical professors in nervous cases, and also for palpitations of the heart."

"I have seen this practised," adds our author; "but I am not aware of any real benefit derived by the patient from the prescription."

The next is somewhat more practical as well as practicable:—

"The usual application in India to a fresh wound, is that of slacked lime. A man in our employ was breaking wood, the head of the hatchet came off, and the sharp edge fell with considerable force on the poor creature's foot; he bled profusely and fainted, lime was unsparingly applied to the wound, the foot carefully wrapped up, and the man conveyed to his hut on a charpoy (bedstead), where he was kept quiet without disturbing the wound; at the end of a fortnight he walked about, and in another week returned to his labour." i. 299.

There is an exceedingly curious and interesting notice of the first fast of children, who are sometimes permitted, for a day or two during the month of Runzaun, to test their powers: the trial is said to be very distressing, particularly in the hot season; and one melancholy proof is here given:—

"The children bore the trial well throughout the morning, and even until the third watch of the day had passed, their firmness would have reflected credit on people twice their age, making their first fast. After the third watch, the day was oppressively hot, and the children evinced symptoms of weariness and fatigue; they were advised to try and compose themselves to sleep; this lulled them for a short time, but their thirst was more acute when they awoke than before. The mother and her friends endeavoured to divert their attention by amusing stories, praising their perseverance, &c. The poor weak lady was anxious that they should persevere; as the day was now so far gone, she did not like her children to lose the benefit of their fast, nor the credit due to them for their forbearance. The children endeavoured to support with patience the agony that bowed them down—they fainted, and then the mother was almost frantic, blaming herself for having encouraged them to prolong their fast against their strength. Cold water was thrown over them; attempts were made to force water into

their mouths; but, alas! their tender throats were so swollen, that not a drop passed beyond their mouth. They died within a few minutes of each other." i. 188-9.

We think that young monkeys have the advantage according to the following report:

"The female monkey is remarkable for her attachment to her progeny, which she suckles until it is able to procure food for its own sustenance. When one of her young dies, the mother is observed to keep it closely encircled in her arms, moaning piteously with true maternal feelings of regret, and never parting with it from her embrace until the dead body becomes an offensive mass: and when at last she quits her hold, she lays it on the ground before her, at no great distance, watching with intense anxiety the dead body before her, which she can no longer hold in her embrace, until the work of decomposing has altered the form of the creature that claimed her tender attachment." ii. 225.

We close these volumes in the belief that no description of the manners of India can be made complete without their perusal.

*Sir Ralph Esher; or, Memoirs of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles II.* By Leigh Hunt. 3 vols.

[Second Notice.]

A few words by Mr. Hunt, in explanation of his views in writing this work, ought certainly to be read before the work itself, and as we presume our country friends are just now about to cut the leaves of his pleasant volumes, we think it well to give to his explanation the currency of our pages.

"The work is a novel, and was intended to be one; but a novel of a particular sort. The author despaired of equaling the interest excited by the admirable productions of the writer with whose name all the world is familiar; but as that interest had created a demand for as much as other writers could supply, he cast in his mind how he should render his novel as new as possible, upon some other grounds compatible with probability; and as he happens to be one of those whose studies give them a sort of passion for truth, and by consequence for verisimilitude, he determined, first, to make his work as close a resemblance of an autobiography as was compatible with a novel; and, secondly, to depart in no instance, however small, from historical fact. He did his best to do both; and it was consequently his wish that the work, while avowedly fictitious, should bear on its face all the helps that could be given it to complete the look of a real memoir. His name was not to appear in public; and he recommended the bookseller to put nothing in the title-page that should interfere with the novelty intended. The title, if he could have had it to stand as he wished, would have been 'Memoirs of Sir Ralph Esher, a Gentleman of the Court of Charles the Second,' written by himself, and including those of his friend Sir Philip Herne.' There was always a difference of opinion between the author and the bookseller on this point; the title is now given to the public in the ordinary novel shape, and it has been thought proper by the bookseller to publish the author's name. The consequence is, that the reader is apt to look for more of the novel, and less of the autobiography, than the writer intended; and there is a gratuitous air of inconsistency pervading the whole work, arising from the appearance of notes with the signature of 'Editor,' from which the announcement of the author's name has taken the least show of mystery.

"The author does not mean to be querulous on these points with his publishers, with whom he is on good terms; but simply to do himself and the book what service he can, after his own

way of thinking. Perhaps they know best what the public like, and what the reader is prepared to make allowances for; but as the author has taken pains to put forth a work upon a peculiar model, he is naturally anxious to have his design understood. He was so scrupulous in the matter of verisimilitude, that he invented an occasion for supposing the MS. to have been written in French, in order that the English, in which it is given to the world, should in no respect appear inconsistent with the times in which it is supposed to originate."

Having reverted to these volumes for the purpose of giving this explanation, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity to extract one of those touching stories referred to in our former review, and, as best suiting our limits, shall give that of the Young Citizen who recovered from the plague by the care and generous devotion of the lady whom he loved.

"A young merchant in the city was seized with the symptoms of the disorder, just as the day had been fixed which was to unite him with his mistress. Some difficulties had been thrown in the way of the union by a crabbed guardian; and many hours had not elapsed from their removal, and every thing been settled (which the lover hastened to see done with the greatest impatience), when the terrible spots appeared that were to cut him off from communion with the uninfected. It is supposed, that the obstacles in the first instance, and the hurry afterwards, threw his blood into a ferment, which exasperated the attack. He wished to make light of the matter, and to go about his ordinary concerns; but the strangeness of his sensations, and the thought of the peril that he might bring to his mistress, soon made him give up this pretension. He said, that his horror at first inclined him to cry aloud, to tear his hair, and dash himself against the wall of the room; but the thoughts of her again controlled him, and he resolved to go through everything as patiently as might be, lest he should add to his chances of losing her. He sent her a message to that effect, bidding her be of good heart, and then in a passion of tears, which he resolved should be his last, but which, he said, seemed to give him a wonderful kind of humble support, betook himself to his prayers, and so to his bed. He was soon left alone with none but an old nurse to attend him; but as he did not sleep, and the good woman, observing him tranquil, slept a great deal, he thought next day he might as well rise and go into the garden for a little air. The garden, though in the city, was a very pretty one, and as it abutted on some grounds, belonging on one side to a church, and on the other to a field where they shot at butts, was removed both from sight and noise, and might be called even solitary. He found himself alarmingly weak; and the air, instead of relieving, seemed to bring the weight of an oven with it; but there was grass and roses; and he thought it would add to the grace of his memory with her he loved, if he died in so sweet a spot, rather than in the house. Besides, he could not bear to think of dying in what, he hoped, would have been his bridal bed. These reflections made him again shed tears in spite of himself, and he lay down on a bench under a tree, wishing he could melt away in that tender despair. The young gentleman guessed that he had lain in this way a good hour, during which he had a sleep that a little refreshed him, when he heard himself called by his name. He thought it was the nurse, and looked towards the house, but saw nobody. The name was repeated twice, the last time with the addition of an epithet of tenderness, which he knew could come from no such person. His heart began to beat; and his ear guiding him

truly to the voice, which he now recognised, he saw on the top of the wall, nearly opposite him, and under a tree which overhung it from the outside, his beloved mistress, holding with one hand on a bough, and with the other supporting herself in the posture of one who intended to come down. 'Oh, Richard!' said she, 'what a blessing to find you here, and nobody to hinder me! I have cheated them, and slunk away—my love! my life!' Our lover said, these last little words had a wonderful effect on him. With all her tenderness, his betrothed bride had never yet indulged it so far as to utter such 'conjugal' words (that was his phrase). He said, they seemed to give her a right to join him; and they filled him with such love and gratitude, that the very languor of his illness became confounded with a bewitching pleasure. He confessed, that the dread of her being infected, though it still recurred to him, was much fainter than before. However, he the more thought it was his duty to urge it, and did so. But the lady had no such dread. She had come on purpose to brave it. In vain he spoke as loudly as he could, and rose up and began to drag his steps towards her; in vain he made signs to her not to descend. 'Dearest Richard,' said she, 'if you cannot help me down, it is but an easy jump, and do you think anything will induce me to go back? I am come to nurse you, and make you happy.' 'You will die,' said the lover, in a faint voice, now arrived within hearing, and still making signs of refusal. 'Oh no: Heaven will bless us,' cried she: 'I will not go back, mark me; I will not indeed; I cannot, much less now I have seen you, and in that sick gown. But I see you cannot help me down. You are unable. Therefore I come.' With these words she made the jump, and the next minute was supporting him in her arms. She put her arms round him, and took his repelling hand into hers, and raising herself, kissed him on the mouth, saying, 'Now I belong to you. Let me seat you on the bench, and get you some drink. I am your wife now, and your dear servant, and your nurse.' Their eyes were filled with tears, and the lover could only lift his head towards heaven, as much as to say, that 'they should at all events live there.' Not being able to reach the bench, he sat down in a thicket of roses. The young lady went to get him some drink, and returned with the news that she had waked the astonished nurse, and sent her to tell her guardian where she was. Nobody expected him to venture to come and fetch her, and he did not. He told the gentleman who had these particulars from him, that this behaviour of his betrothed bride, put him in a state so new and transporting, that he conceived an alteration of his blood must have taken place very speedily after her return from the house; for though he could hardly bear his delight, he began manifestly to get better within an hour afterwards. The lady never received the infection. Their friends said she would, and that two would die instead of one. The physician prophesied otherwise. Neither the lover nor his mistress, however, would quit their retreat, till all doubt of the possibility of infecting others was more than done away. In the course of six weeks they were man and wife; and my acquaintance told me, not as many days ago, that they were still living, and a pattern of love and esteem."

*Le Livre des Cent-et-Un.* Vol. III. Paris, 1832. Ladvocat.

The interest of this delightful work increases with every succeeding volume. The third, received last week, is full of clever papers, and, as the work advances, the genius of the several contributors seems to develop itself. In the present volume, besides Chateau-

briand, who contributed to the first, and Janin and Bazin, who have furnished articles to the three volumes in succession, we have the names of Victor Ducange—a distinguished novel-writer, and the *most distinguished* of the French writers of melo-dramas, the literary veteran Bouilly, Desnoyers, Andreux, Briffault, Bodin, Bousquet, Casimir Bonjour, De Villemarest, Valmore, Paulhauer (the celebrated instructor of the deaf and dumb), Montigny, Mennechet, and Lamartine.

We shall, on this occasion, confine our extracts to a humorous paper by Desnoyers, which is of universal truth, and will equally apply to every capital in Europe, only changing the names of places.

#### *The Baotians of Paris.*

"On the idle part of our Boulevards, in the beautiful walk of the Tuilleries gardens, upon the pavement of the Champs Elysées, in the dust of the Bois de Boulogne, in the dress circle at the theatres, in every place, in fine, where there is time to show oneself, you must have remarked a host of spruce, elegant, and perfumed coxcombs, as extraordinary in their manners as in their dress—whose fashions are not of to-day, still less of yesterday, but of to-morrow! These individuals may be compared to the beautiful purses in shop windows—utterly empty—not an idea, not an intellectual farthing to be found."

"But before I go farther, let me define what I mean by idea, and consequently by a thinker and a non-thinker.

"I do not call ideas those ready-made conversations, that *talking matter*, which the first comer may make his own, and which is a species of stucco, serving only as a covering for folly, or to fill up the cracks of idleness. By idea, I mean a perception of the mind, not weak, fluctuating, mutilated, or fugitive—but clear, brilliant, entire, and lasting; copious enough to keep the brain in a state of turgescence, and prevent it from collapsing like an empty bladder; strong and large enough for meditation to repose upon—not a glimmering, a mere twilight, but a broad and beautiful day—a parent thought engendering a thousand others—a pivot, around which a world of secondary imaginings logically gravitate—the centre or sun of an entire intellectual universe."

"Now, how many of such sums shine under the pomatumated pates of the coxcombs you have observed? Not one. If there were only one, their glassy eyes, so like those of stolid animals, would beam at least with a little light; their faces would have less the appearance of wax, their gait be less indolent, their words less insipid, and their cravats more twisted. At a ball, perhaps, or a play, or a concert, they would feel the same emotions as others do; and you would no longer see them in a stage-box wiping their eye-glasses or biting their walking sticks, when the pit is convulsed with laughter; nor drawing on their gloves or adjusting their whiskers, when the rest of the audience are affected to tears: no longer would they be cold, insensible, and unchangeable, amid the electrical effects of highly-wrought passion or true comic humour, as if their stupidity were a tripod, upon which they stood elevated above all sympathy with the million." \* \* \*

"We have next the great family of plagiarists, a race of dolt, who do not even think with their own faculties, but with those of others—who borrow your brains as they would borrow your hat."

"The first species among them is the man-monkey, who speaks when you speak, holds his tongue when you are silent, and would, I imagine, cut his throat if he saw you commit so rash an act. He is a mere echo. If you say, 'Peace is an excellent thing, when it does not

cost more than war,' he answers, 'cost more than war.'

"Second species—the man-parrot, who every morning collects here and there, or from the mouth of some clever man, a series of thoughts, which he retails, as long as the day lasts, in every house he enters. He is like the organ which, at the corner of every street, repeats Auber's melodies.

"Third species—the man-vulture, who fattens upon you. It matters not with him whether you be a young author, or the possessor of a celebrated name; if in his presence you utter anything good, it is like taking out your watch before a pick-pocket. You are robbed of your idea, and you may be sure that, before the morn-all, Paris will know it by heart. If you should afterwards repeat it, you are heard with a smile and considered as the plagiarist. This is pleasant! \* \* But he will rob you before your face, and you shall not have word to say. Fancy yourself in a numerous assembly, seated near him. The conversation runs upon opera-dancing. Each gives his opinion, and you give yours, and say without the least pretension, 'With Taglioni's legs and Noblet's arms an accomplished dancer might be made.' Unfortunately you are hoarse and your words are not heard; but they are not lost to him, for with a voice which drowns every other, he lustily exclaims, 'An accomplished dancer might be made with Taglioni's legs and Noblet's arms.' A murmur of applause follows these words; and you, who alone do not applaud, are set down as a stupid fellow incapable of comprehending the point of what has been uttered. And who knows?—he may even be so obliging as to repeat to you your own idea, in order that you may be better able to understand it. \* \* \*

"We now come to the facetious man; the Voltaire of milliners. We shall call him the man-porcupine—an animal so covered with points that no one can touch him without being pricked. His stupid witticisms are borrowed from the *Anas* of the day, or collected at the pits of the minor theatres. \* \* \*

"The droll-fellow is a variety of this species. The only difference is in the manner of action. The droll-fellow has many of the minor accomplishments; he knows Mayeux by heart—can carry a chair with his teeth—hold a heavy weight at arm's length—and walk upon his hands with his feet in the air. He is likewise a *virtuoso* in face-making, and can take off admirably *My Lord Pouf*, whom the company never saw. He can use twelve different accents—can bark, mew, and imitate a saw. He is acquainted with the best traditions of *La Bourbonnaise*, can recite the part of Orosman, sing *Le point du jour*, swallow cigar smoke, and play the flageolet with his nostrils.

"All that I have detailed, constitutes the leas of his merits. You know that the whale, the crocodile, every animal in short, has a natural enemy in some other animal, which by instinct follows, pursues, attacks, and kills it. Now, to a peaceable man the persecuting animal is the droll-fellow. His whole life is spent in embittering yours. He crushes your fingers when he shakes hands with you—trips you up as you pass—conceals the object you are looking for—draws away the chair upon which you are going to sit—strews chopped horse-hair between your sheets, and locks you in when you are in a hurry to go out. Sometimes he sketches your countenance, to which he adds ass's ears, an elephant's trunk, and stag's antlers, and then writes your name under it. He has also a trick of lining the glasses of your spectacles with paper, putting *poudron* into your snuff, decorating your back with a paper tail, and sticking a pin upright in the seat you commonly use. At the play he blows his nose during the most pathetic scene. In a crowd he pushes you, then

says in an angry tone, 'Pray, Sir, don't push so.' He takes your arm in the street, induces you to look up, and then leads you against a heap of stones, places you under a rain-spout, or makes you walk in the kennel.'

*Quintus Servinton; a Tale, founded upon Incidents of Real Occurrence.* 3 vols. 1832. Hobart Town, Melville; London, Smith, Elder & Co.

*The Opera.* By the Author of 'Mothers and Daughters.' 3 vols. London, 1832. Colburn & Bentley.

*The Algerines; or, the Twins of Naples.* By W. Child Green, Author of 'Alibeg the Tempter,' &c. 3 vols. London, 1832. Newman & Co.

The first of these works is "entrusted with some degree of confidence, to the countenance and support of the English nation;" so we learn from a preface dated Van Diemen's Land—and it certainly ought to be received with kindness and courtesy, as the first fruits of imaginative literature from the press of that colony.

A tale, "founded upon incidents of real occurrence," from Van Diemen's Land, brought to our recollection the convict histories of Barrington, and the autobiography of Hardy Vaux. Quintus Servinton, however, at least the two first volumes, might have been written here or anywhere—it is compounded after the old receipt, and is very like a hundred other novels, which it has been our misfortune to read, and good fortune to have forgotten. But, towards the close of the second volume, the brewage has a smack of the "particular"—a sprinkling of Old Bailey. The story, by names and circumstances, recalls the fate of a Bristol merchant, whose case, at the time, excited considerable interest; and, in the third volume, the scene changes from Newgate to the Hulks, and in due process of time and law, to New South Wales. This third volume is the only one worth reading, and might have been infinitely better, had there been a spice more of human infirmity, either in Newgate, the Hulks, the Transport, or in the Colony: but really we, who have not had the advantages of such society, nauseate a little at so much unadulterated virtue—it wants the seasoning of vice and error. We shall extract a short scene from on board the Hulks:—

"He descended the steps leading to his quarters, with tolerable cheerfulness: and was speedily introduced to the unfortunate soldier officer—as he had been called, and who was now to be his companion. It was certainly a relief to him to find upon entering the apartment, which was one of several, formed by divisions of the lower decks of an old seventy-four, that by the style of its principal inmates, manner and address, he was a gentleman; and Quintus, adapting himself to his circumstances with the best grace he could assume, they were soon engaged in general conversation, with as much life and energy, particularly on the part of the *ci-devant* officer, as if they had known one another for years, and had now re-met in a state of mutual prosperity. \* \* \*

"It was not long until Quintus discovered that, strict as were the rules and regulations of this den of misery, they were capable of being evaded; and that, notwithstanding the restraints that were imposed with the view of making it really a place of punishment, such of its experienced inmates as had the command of money, and who chose to pay the price at which connivance might be purchased, were enabled to introduce various luxuries that were positively forbidden by the authorities. Mr. Spendall presently alluded to the subject, by feeling his companion's pulse, as to his inclination for a bottle of wine; to which Quintus replied, 'I like it well enough at proper times and seasons, but

I don't at all mind going without it. I understand nothing of the sort is allowed here.'

"'Pooh! pooh! nonsense! do the rascals think a gentleman is to go without his wine because he happens to be in quod?—no, no, a d—n to the whole set of them—they fancy we are to live on bourgu, black broth, psalm singing, and a bit of carriag now and then; but I haven't served three campaigns in North America for nothing—every dog has his price, and I'll soon show you how I manage things.'

"With this he gave three raps upon the wooden partition, that divided the apartment where they were sitting from the one adjoining, and, in the course of a few minutes, one of the guards entered; a man whose duty it was to search all persons at their ingress and egress, to and from the hulk, and generally to watch the prisoners. Shutting the door with caution, and looking around him, he made a sort of half bow, and said, 'Well, my noble captain, what's your pleasure?'

"'Why, you imp of the Devil you, don't you know we have a new chum, a gentleman, a man of birth and education, eh, you rascal! and can you ask what my pleasure is? Presto, hie, begone! and let's have something fit to put before a gentleman.'

"The guard looked significantly, and answered, 'But I say, captain, is he real thoroughbred? Does he know how to treat gentlemen when they run risks for each other? Waur hawks among partridges! I know you, captain, but I don't know him.'

"'Get thee gone, thou prate-a-pace, and do as thou art bid. Have I lived so long, ate with gentlemen, drank with gentlemen, fought with gentlemen, cursed, swore, and gamed with gentlemen, and do I not know a gentleman by instinct? Begone, and take me for thy surety that 'tis all as it should be.'

"The man retired with a grin upon his countenance, and saying in an undertone, but which did not altogether escape Quintus, 'Aye, and haven't you cheated gentlemen—and will you not pluck this pigeon too, if you are able?' And, in about a quarter of an hour returned, bearing a small basket, from which he took a cold fowl, bread, butter, various *et ceteras*, and two bottles of wine, for which he was paid by Mr. Spendall one guinea and a half.

"If you want a drop of something comfortable by and by, for a night-cap,' the fellow said, as he pocketed the money, 'I can serve you—but I say, my new friend,' addressing Quintus, 'mum's the word, or else look out for squalls,' iii. 60.—66.

'The Opera,' still less need be said. There is throughout evidence of the skill of a practised writer, with a sprinkling of what is called satire, and an abundant display of that pretence and assumption, which is so characteristic of the fashionable novels. The story is a gloomy extravagance.

Mr. William Child Green, however, is a man to be pitied. Had he been one of the "bookbinders or porters of our establishment," his name would have been echoed and re-echoed, "as if a double hunt were heard at once," till the critics must have noticed him; and the wit, brilliancy, satire, and interest of the 'Algerines' would have been so blazoned and placarded, that the said critics must have treated him with respect and deference, lest they should seem to contradict the universal judgment. As it is, we must report that the 'Algerines' is a novel of the old school, with Turks and Italians, priests and bandits, sonorous names and melodramatic scoundrels; but as an old actor is often welcome, out of respect to age and our early recollections, so had we rather read another such novel than another *Opera*.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.—VOL. XXXIII.  
*St. Ronan's Well.* 1832. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker.

THIS new volume has prefixed to it, Mr. Watson Gordon's admirable portrait of Sir Walter—a treasure in itself, and worth more than the cost of the work. The Vignette also, by Leslie, deserves a good word, as full of character. The introductory chapter, though pleasant, as all writings must be, which develope the mind and feeling of such a man as Scott, hardly admits of extract, and there are but few notes—one, however, on the Building-feus in Scotland, is illustrative of Scotch laws and customs, and worth transferring here:—

"In Scotland a village is erected upon a species of landright, very different from the copyhold so frequent in England. Every alienation or sale of landed property must be made in the shape of a feudal conveyance, and the party who acquires it holds thereby an absolute and perfect right of property in the fief, while he discharges the stipulations of the vassal, and, above all, pays the feu-duties. The vassal or tenant of the site of the smallest cottage holds his possession as absolutely as the proprietor, of whose large estate it is perhaps scarce a perceptible portion. By dint of excellent laws, the sasines, or deeds of delivery of such fiefs, are placed on record in such order, that every burden affecting the property can be seen for payment of a very moderate fee; so that a person proposing to lend money upon it, knows exactly the nature and extent of his security."

"From the nature of these landrights being so explicit and secure, the Scottish people have been led to entertain a jealousy of building-leases, of however long duration. Not long ago, a great landed proprietor took the latter mode of disposing of some ground near a thriving town in the west country. The number of years in the lease was settled at nine hundred and ninety-nine. All was agreed to, and the deeds were ordered to be drawn. But the tenant, as he walked down the avenue, began to reflect that the lease, though so very long as to be almost perpetual, nevertheless had a termination; and that after the lapse of a thousand years, lacking one, the connexion of his family and representatives with the estate would cease. He took a qualm at the thought of the loss to be sustained by his posterity a thousand years hence; and going back to the house of the gentleman who feued the ground, he demanded, and readily obtained, the additional term of fifty years to be added to the lease." p. 24.

#### MEDICAL WORKS.

*The Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine.* Part I. Edited by John Forbes, M.D., Alexander Tweedie, M.D., and John Connolly, M.D. London, 1831. Sherwood & Co.

A work like this has been long wanting. The French, besides 'Le Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales,' in sixty volumes, have a compendium of it in fifteen, another dictionary in twenty-one, and they are now publishing one of Practical Medicine. It was certainly time that something should be done in this way in England, and this first Part does honour to the profession; it contains some articles, among others we would instance the first, which could hardly be improved. As the Introduction is not published, we know nothing of the plan which the editors intend to follow; and must therefore remark, considering this first Part as a specimen, that if in the French dictionaries there are some superfluous articles, there will be, we fear, in the English some wanting, and that the length appears to have no relation to the comparative importance of the subjects, particularly in the *Materia Medica*, the few articles on which are much inferior to the rest. If we are correct,

this error should be guarded against immediately. The work however was so much wanted, that, instead of urging our objections further, we shall recommend it as deserving extensive patronage.

*The Principles and Practice of Obstetric Medicine.*  
By David D. Davis, M.D., Professor of Midwifery in the University of London. Parts I. & II. London, 1832. Taylor.

FEW were so competent as Dr. Davis to undertake a work of this nature; he has been long known as an excellent teacher in extensive practice, and his experience cannot fail to add much to our knowledge of this branch of medical science. These first parts are necessarily occupied by anatomical descriptions, which are clear, concise, and accurate, and the accompanying lithographic plates are very excellent.

*A Series of Experiments performed for the Purpose of showing that Aarteries may be obliterated without Ligature, Compression, or the Knife.* By Benjamin Phillips. London, 1832. Longman & Co.

This pamphlet contains a series of experiments to prove that aneurisms can be cured without the use of the knife. When we consider the dangerous nature of the disease, and how painful and uncertain is the operation necessary for its removal, we cannot but recommend Mr. Phillips's pamphlet to the attentive consideration of our eminent surgeons, and express an anxious hope that the author will repeat his experiments, and by confirming his opinions justify a claim to the high honour of so important a discovery.

*An Inquiry into the Medical Properties of Iodine partly translated from the Latin of Schroeder Van Der Kolk.* By C. J. B. Aldis. London, 1832. Published by the Author.

An improved translation of a very excellent treatise upon the medical properties of one of the most valuable remedies lately introduced in medicine.

*Popular Lectures on the Vertebrated Animals of the British Islands.* Birmingham, 1831. Wrightson.

This is the first of a series of lectures delivered at Birmingham: it comprises the British mammalia, according to Blumenbach's arrangement, and is written in a clear, concise, and satisfactory manner.

*Punch and Judy.* Illustrated by George Cruikshank. 3rd edition. London, 1832. Reid. A third edition of this popular exhibition requires no comment on the part of the critic: his lucubrations are rendered yet more unnecessary, by the lore mustered in the preface, by the author of the 'Decameron.' The sketches, by Cruikshank, are as amusing and life-like as possible—and, with the dialogue, make this Don Juan in wood, this puppet Falstaff, Mr. Punch, very laughable, if not very edifying.

*The Etymological Spelling-book and Expositor.* By Henry Butler, Author of 'Gradations in Reading and Spelling,' &c. 4th Edition. London, Simpkin & Marshall.

*Gradations in Reading and Spelling.* By H. Butler. 4th Edition. London, Whittaker, Treacher & Co.

The acquisition of any language is much facilitated by a knowledge of the etymon of its words; but whether this facility can be taught a child, having a very imperfect knowledge of its mother tongue; and whether Mr. Butler pursues the most eligible plan, we think very questionable. The first two parts of the Spelling-book are, no doubt, improvements upon many of the old primers; but of the third, the Etymological part, we are much mistaken if it be not entirely out of place. Should it be

learned, an air of pedantry, an unmeaning show of scholarship, will be imparted to the child, by constant reference to a language, with the very characters of which he is unacquainted. Let grammar in all its branches be pursued; but let our elementary schools be preserved from etymological pretence.—To Mr. Butler's 'Gradations' we can give, and are happy in doing so, our unqualified approbation.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

*DIRGE FOR A DEAD PAINTER.*  
*A Tribute to the Memory of the late Henry Liverseege.*

BY MISS JEWISHURY.

DEATH, grim death, when shall we see  
This broad earth no more thy city?  
GRAVE, deep grave, when shall it be  
Thou wilt close thy lips in pity?  
When shall love's subduing prayer,  
When shall genius, yet more rare,  
Mind and worth in blended beauty,  
Woo ye from your cold stern duty?  
When shall sweetness win back one?  
Never, never—he is gone!

Yet, swift hunter, couldst not give  
Summons ere the hart was stricken?  
Grave, that on death's prey dost live,  
Could thy hungry silence quicken  
Into no foreboding knell?  
Ere the unconscious victim fell?  
Could ye not give leave to plight  
Farewell, ere his day grew night?  
Might not sorrow's need have one?  
Ye were ruthless! He is gone!

Yesterday, scarce yesterday,  
Bright dreams through his brain were flowing,  
And his hand with cunning play  
To the world those dreams was showing.  
Yesterday—and in his eye  
Fame had writ her prophecy;  
Sealed it on his flexible lips,  
Now in dark and mute eclipse;  
Could not genius save her son?  
Wherefore question? He is gone!

Speak not of his fragile form,  
And his often painful pillow—  
What may longer bide the storm  
Than the delicate drooping willow?  
He was loved, and love can do  
Feats physicians never knew,  
With its boundlessness of care,  
Mighty hope, and fervent prayer:  
Hush, O hush—love's power is none—  
It is weeping! He is gone!

Dust to dust; now, dust to dust,  
And we leave his dwelling lowly;  
Nor another sigh we must,  
If it be not meek and holy;

Whose the arm that smote him down?  
Whose the hand took off his crown?—  
God, alone omnipotent,  
Calling back what he had lent—  
Come then, friends, and be each one,  
Better christians now he's gone!

*A BRIEF HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY,*  
*INTRODUCTORY TO A PAPER*  
*ON MODERN FEMALE CULTIVATION.'*

The various modes in which women have been treated, from the days of the Patriarchs to those of the Paladins, and from the days of the Paladins to those of the critics, is a subject of research at once curious, mournful, and amusing. Memorials of distinguished individuals afford but a fragmentary basis for speculation; but the history of the sex is the history of civilization. Lunar influences are

not more immediately connected with the ebb and flow of the tide, than the rational estimate and education of women marks national progress or deterioration; not in the arts, nor yet in manners,—but in the emancipation of the understanding from prejudice, in the recognition of principles, and in the desire to ameliorate the human condition.

Hitherto, civilization has been estimated rather by the diffusion of luxury, than by the progress of truth;—by those works of imagination, which gild history with brilliant names, which embellish galleries with pictures and statues, and delight the fancy with gay and gorgeous visions, rather than by those sober triumphs of reason and right feeling, which increase the comforts of many, if their trophies render few immortal. For this reason, almost all history is a work of imagination: the events dispose themselves into striking pictures, the leading characters fill the foreground; the painter becomes a partisan, so does the spectator; our sympathies are riveted on the few; the background is in shadow, and that shadow covers the multitude.

If the quantity of national comfort were made the simple test of civilization, and not the splendour of a court or the perfection of the arts, nearly all the history we have must be taken to pieces; Greece with her literary glories, Rome with her conquests from the rising to the setting sun, even Egypt with her temples, like the dreams of Titans, must resign a large proportion of their fame. But if the treatment of women, another and yet closely-connected test, were instituted, Egypt would have to resign less than any other nation of antiquity,—as, with every drawback, England would have to resign less now.

The Spartan women were brutalized by the very laws; and if this be attributed to the savage state of the men, Athens, in her palmiest state of literature and the arts, condemned the female citizens to ignorance, confinement and obscurity. Cultivation was a luxury only to be obtained by the loss of character: a courtesan might be buried amongst heroes, and have her statue placed beside those of the gods; but the virtuous wives and mothers of those heroes were kept to the distaff and the spindle. The Romans, though abundantly austere, treated women better than the more imaginative Greeks: if a less refined, they were a more rational people; they had a higher notion of female worth, had less petty jealousy, and nobly recognized the services of their matrons whenever rendered. In the East, however, where now women are most degraded, they were formerly treated with the most consideration. The Hebrews, as a people, were coarse and ignorant, what Moses emphatically called them, "rebellious and stiff-necked;" left to themselves, they would probably have treated females even worse than the brilliant Greeks and the austere Romans—it was their theocracy which lightened the feminine yoke, gave women political consideration, by allowing them to inherit property in default of sons, and practically proved that souls are equal, by making them occasionally the recipients of the prophetic spirit, and instruments of divine government: at the same time, we never in the Old Testament read of any miracle being wrought by the hand of a woman. It does not appear that they were

kept in confinement; they were allowed to assist in the construction of the tabernacle, and of their truly feminine offering (their brazen looking-glasses) was made the foot of the laver; they are mentioned by name as bound to become acquainted with the books of the law, (Deut. xxxi. 12,) which law, when first given to the Jews, comprised not only the Jewish religion, but their literature and their history. Protecting notices of the widow and the boudowoman occur perpetually; and, in after-times, whenever females, or their actions, are bound up with the Jewish chronicles, they receive just that kind of notice which is given to men and their actions;—the prophets denounce their luxury with equal severity; the historians with equal simplicity record their virtues and their crimes; and “the sweet singer of Israel” reminds them of their duty. Legal inferiority they certainly laboured under, but the pervading spirit of Hebrew history is that of tenderness and consideration towards women, the perfection of which was afterwards developed in the same land, and by the perfection of the same religion.

Leaving the Jews, none of whose merits are attributable to themselves, we find the Phenicians, Babylonians, and Carthaginians, treating their women in a superior manner, whilst the Egyptians excelled all antiquity. These were commercial nations; and it would seem that in this respect, commerce, more than conquest or the arts, humanized the feelings, and enlarged the understanding. Women were not to them mere articles of show; the Phenicians, and also the Egyptians, employed them in keeping accounts and transacting business; amongst these nations, women were eligible for the supreme authority. In Egypt, the princes kept the birthdays of their wives as well as their own; and in Babylon, they associated with men in festal meetings. In Christian Europe, woman has received every variety of treatment—having been esteemed an angel, and drugged like an ass. Lord Byron’s remark, that he would leap into a river after a woman, but not hand her out of her carriage, is on a par with the chivalric system that led knights to do battle in honour of her fair eyes, but not to make her comfortable in daily life. The times that poetry and romance have consecrated, were not really those most favourable to female happiness: the *preux chevalier* served his mistress as the heathens of old their idols, by slashing and slaying; but he spent little time in her society, and, except on grand occasions, she remained immersed in solitude. He fought for, and worshipped the species; but the individual was often coarsely treated, and was perpetually liable to the absurd charge of witchcraft.

Francis the First has a right to be called the “gallant Francis,” for he was the first who introduced ladies at court. The French have invariably claimed precedence in devotion to the sex;—in parlance and manner, the claim may be allowed; in the sober facts of female freedom and consideration, they must yield to two very sober, matter-of-fact nations (commerce again)—the Americans and the English. French gallantry is even now what their loyalty was in *le grand monarque*—an affair of honour and a matter of taste. We mean no offence to this brilliant and good-natured people; and we are not speaking of education, but of the rational treatment of women in

society, and of the customs and opinions concerning them. Our fashionable system of education is radically bad: we thank an anonymous French writer for characterising it—*nos pensionats de demoiselles, qui font des actrices ou des artistes, mais non des mères et des épouses*—but we have not yet acquired materials for a London companion to *Les Intimes*, a book which French critics inform us, is a too true picture of their “métropole de la sociabilité,” and which English feeling cannot yet tolerate. We have no fashionable novel like that.

Having acknowledged that our fashionable system of education is radically bad—we shall take an early opportunity of saying a few words on this important subject.

#### REPLY TO A PASTORAL POET.

TELL us not of by-gone days!  
Tell us not of forward times!  
What’s the future—what the past—  
Save to fashion rhymes?  
Show us that the corn doth thrive!  
Show us there’s no winter weather!  
Show us we may laugh and live,—  
(Those who love,—together).

Senses have we for sweet blossoms—  
Eyes, which could admire the sun—  
Passions, blazing in our bosoms—  
Hearts, that may be won!  
But labour doth for ever press us,  
And famine grins upon our board,  
And none will help us, none will bless us,  
With one gentle word!

None, none! our birth-right, or our fate,  
Is hunger and the inclement air—  
Perpetual toil—the rich man’s hate—  
Want, scorn—the pauper’s fare:  
We faint would gaze upon the sky,  
Lie pensive by the running springs;  
But if we stay to gaze or sigh,  
We starve—though the cuckoo sings!

The moon casts cold on us below;  
The sun is not our own;  
The very winds which fragrance blow,  
But blanch us to the bone;  
The rose for us ne’er shows its bloom,  
The violet its blue eye;  
From cradle murmuring to the tomb,  
We feel no beauty—no perfume,  
But only toil—and die!

#### PAUPER.

#### SIR RICHARD STEELE’S PAPERS.

A lady of taste allied to Sir Richard Steele through the “prue” of his pleasing letters, has kindly permitted us to select the following “bits” of prose and verse from the correspondence of that distinguished genius. Few of the papers are from the hand of Sir Richard himself: they are chiefly the communications and letters of friends, and bear upon them the mark of the days in which they were written, in more ways than one. The first we shall select is a portion of a letter giving an account of the last years of the illustrious Duke of Marlborough: it is from the Earl of Sunderland, and addressed to Steele at Caernarthen:

“ You desire to know what the dear Duke of Marlborough did in his illness; and I will give you an account of all that I found was of any use to him, and which did preserve him six years, notwithstanding that the physicians in that time often believed he would not live so many days. His first illness was in his head, and his speech was taken from him. The first blow was recovered by purging him with hiera picra and syrup of buckthorn, and blisters. After that he went to the Bath and to Tunbridge,

but I did not think either of them did him any good. Sometimes his mouth would be drawn down on one side, and he could not swallow; and in that case blisters had always a most extraordinary good effect—especially a blister upon his head, which is less troublesome than any, and does as much good as any ten. And by that remedy, ‘tis plain his life was preserved for some time. He used to be occasionally much disordered with vapours. He could hardly breathe without going into the air; and in that case a direction of Sir Samuel Garth’s had always success, and would ease him in a quarter of an hour; which was only twenty grains of Russia castor, the powder of it grated extremely fine, and wetted in a spoon, to make it go down, with penny-royal water; and then drink only four or five spoonfuls of penny-royal water after it; and this may be taken at going to bed, or any time that you want it. He took a great deal of Sir Walter Raleigh’s cordial, which always did him good; and he had a perpetual blister on his neck for several years, which was of great service. He was always the better for going into the air, and for travelling; and though we had the advice of all the physicians in town, I don’t think he had ever any advantage by any thing but what I have set down in this paper. He was blooded at the beginning of his illness, and afterwards; but I am confident his last bleedings did him hurt: but the physicians would have it done. I wish any thing I have said may be of use to you, who am your most faithful

SUNDERLAND.”

The above letter bears date April 2, 1728, and was written for the use of Sir Richard Steele, who was then suffering under an illness similar to that of which the victor of Blenheim died. Our next is poetical, and contains good counsel:—

Spare not, nor spend too much: be this thy care—  
Spare but to spend, and only spend to spare;  
Who spends too much may want, and so complain;  
But he spends best that spares to spend again.

Spare in thy youth, lest age should find thee poor;  
When time is past, and thou canst spare no more,  
No coupled misery is so great in either,  
As age and want when they do meet together.

There are many curious snatches of verse and clever passages of prose among the papers of Steele: when we have room and leisure we shall have recourse to them again.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ARTS.

##### DINNER TO BURNS.

LITTLE else has been talked of these ten days, in the literary world of London, but the Festival in memory of the birth-day of Burns and the visit of the Ettrick Shepherd. The names of stewards, noble and learned, were announced in the newspapers: hopes were held out that verses in honour of the occasion, written by Campbell, would be recited by Reding: and it was moreover added, that Captain Burns was to be present, and that the punch-bowl of Murray marble, filled with the liquor which his great father loved, would be smoking on the table. The Festival took place in Freemason’s Hall on Wednesday last, and though arrangements were made for two hundred and fifty guests, such was the curiosity, and such the crush, that by six o’clock, four hundred and fifty tickets were disposed of, and the like number of gentlemen sat down, amid no little confusion, about seven o’clock, to dinner. Sir John Malcolm, well known for his ‘History of Central India,’ was in the chair; on his left hand sat the eldest and youngest sons of Burns; the former like his father, the latter more resembling his mother; and on the

other hand sat James Hogg, accompanied by many gentlemen distinguished in science and literature. The punch-bowl of Burns, now the property of Mr. Hastie, stood before the chair, and beside it, a drinking quaigh, formed from the Wallace Oak of the Torwood, brimmed with silver, and bearing on the bottom the grim visage of the northern hero.

Sir John Malcolm having consumed some time in introductory toasts, which the company received with impatience, proceeded to propose 'the Memory of ROBERT BURNS': he dwelt less on his history than on the wide influence of his works, and recited many verses with taste and feeling. He related how deeply his fame had taken root in the East, and instanced the admiration of Byron in proof of his wonderful genius: but no such testimony is at all wanting; the songs of Burns are sung in every quarter of the globe, and his poems are treasured in millions of memories, so that his fame may set fate at defiance. All this was rapturously received; nor was the approbation of the company less coldly manifested when the chairman proposed 'the health of the ETRICK SHEPHERD'; it appeared, however, that he was much less familiar with his works than with those of Burns, and though a native of a pastoral district, made sad work among the romances and ballads of the imaginative shepherd. This want was, however, in some degree supplied, by a most characteristic speech from Hogg himself, in which he related how the inspiration of the muse came upon him, in consequence of his being born, like Burns, on the 25th of January; how, on the evening of his birth, a man and horse were dispatched for the midwife, but the night being wild, and Ettrick deep in flood, the rider was lost; nevertheless, the familiar spirit called Brownie—the Lubber-Fiend of Milton—supplied his place, and brought the marvelling midwife in time to achieve the adventure of the future poet of Kilmenny. All this, and much more, he related in a way hovering between jest and earnest, and in a strong Ettrick tone, to the consternation of the English part of the meeting, for whom it was rather peculiar and learned. The audience evidently, one and all, regarded the Shepherd with wonder, and hundreds were on tiptoe to have a look at him as he stood on a table to relate his own varied fortunes.

But on the banks of Tweed the chairman was aware that a wizard, still more enchanting than him of Yarrow, lived, or rather, lately lived; and he accordingly gave the health of 'SIR WALTER SCOTT, and a safe return to his native country.' It is needless to say with what rapture the health of this most illustrious of all the sons of Scotland was drunk. This honour—such is the word—was acknowledged by Mr. Lockhart, in a speech worth any two chapters in the whole range of British Biography;—it was clear and concise—vigorous and picturesque—and abounding with anecdote. Of his illustrious father-in-law, he told how Burns predicted his future fame, in the house of Adam Ferguson; and of Hogg he related how Scott found him, thirty-five years ago, with his plaid and dog, watching his sheep on Ettrick Banks, with more old border ballads on his memory than any traditional dame of the district, and with more true poetry in his heart than was usual to the lot of poets. Of

Hogg himself he said much that was amusing and instructive: one anecdote will not soon be forgotten. The Shepherd was at the dinner-table of a duchess, when her Grace said, "Mr. Hogg, were you ever here before?" "Madam," said the poet, "I have driven cattle often past your gates, but I never was within them till now."

But we must have done with this splendid Festival: we cannot, however, conclude without a remark:—the health of 'Lord Porchester and the Poets of England,' was drunk; and when his Lordship made his acknowledgments, he was interrupted by the titter of a hundred tongues, and sat down, no doubt, feeling that the spirit of nationality was a little too exclusive. We forgot to mention that neither Campbell nor his poem made their appearance, which we regretted for several reasons, and also that the memory of Burns was not drunk out of his punch-bowl. For this relique of the bard, a Jew of the name of Isaac, gave 60*l.* in pledge, and begged the key to keep, in memory of the poet, when it was bought by its present possessor; and an Irish gentleman, not long ago, sent a 300*l.* cheque for it, and threatened Mr. Hastie with the law when he refused to give him up the punch-bowl.

[We are indebted to a friend for this very pleasant notice, and must, in our predominant love of truth, say so. As far as the presence of numbers could testify general affection for the memory of Burns, and respect for the Ettrick Shepherd, the meeting was most satisfactory; in every other respect it was a failure. Our friend was among the elect, in the high places, and seems to have known little of the bear-garden scene at the lower end of the room. The managing directors, utterly regardless of the personal convenience of all but their particular friends, having secured for those friends the best places, let loose upon others, any and every body who chose, even at the last moment of the last hour, to pay their five-and-twenty shillings, for "no room for standing, miscalculated standing room"—how else could it have been, that nearly five hundred persons were present at a dinner ordered for two hundred and fifty? This offensive neglect destroyed the good-humour of one-half the company—the miserable attempt to give a political turn to the meeting soured the temper of others—and instead of all joining in right good-will to drink to the memory of the best of poets and of good fellows, who was himself brimful of conviviality and kind-heartedness—instead of the universal homage which ought to have been paid to genius, the whole affair resembled a meeting in a trading borough, where the zeal of each individual is the ardour of self-interest—and pestered on every side with complaints, social and political, we walked off, with numberless others, even before the chairman took his leave.—This note, as *The Times* would say, is from "Our own Correspondent."]

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

*Jan. 20.*—The first evening meeting of the season is usually distinguished by the announcement of some discovery in science or the arts, which there is good reason to expect may have birth during a recess of more than half a year. The subject chosen for this evening's lecture, was not so interesting to the general student as those we have frequently heard discussed on similar occasions in the theatre of this Institution, but some important information was nevertheless afforded, which the manufacturer may find extremely useful in the art of refining the precious metals. Mr. Brander addressed the members and their friends, on a recent process for separating gold from the silver of commerce, and silver from the gold, as commonly imported. Gold, whether brought to this country in bars or in specie, generally contains a considerable quantity of silver, and silver, a minute portion of gold. The old method of separating the one from the other, was by the use of nitric acid, but that being very expensive, sulphuric acid has of late been used for the same purpose

with great advantage. The result is, that if a pound of silver contains only 3 or 4 grains of gold, the gold may be separated with pecuniary advantage.

The gold coin of this kingdom formerly contained a large portion of silver, which accounts for the light colour of the old guineas, and the sovereigns of George III. and George IV. of 1821. In the present coinage, the silver is extracted, and the alloy consists entirely of copper.

This process of refining gold and silver, by the use of sulphuric acid, was discovered in France some years ago, and successfully practised in that country some time before it was performed in England, because the fluctuating value of silver, with respect to gold, in our own country, rendered the operation precarious as to profit. The Professor suggested an improvement worthy the attention of the manufacturer, in devising a method of condensing certain portions of sulphurous acid, which, during this process, are suffered to escape in gas.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

*Jan. 26.*—John William Lubbock, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer, in the Chair.—The Rev. William Ritchie's paper was resumed, but not concluded. It was entitled 'On Voltaic Electricity.'

##### ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

THE College will resume their evening meetings, for the season, on Monday the 27th of February. A meeting will be held on the last Monday of each successive month, until the end of June.

##### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY,	Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY,	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
	Geological Society .....	Half P. M.
WEDNES.	Royal Society of Literature .....	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts .....	Half P. M.
THURSD.	Royal Society .....	Half P. S. P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society .....	Three, P.M.
FRIDAY,	Royal Institution .....	Half P. S. P.M.
SATURD.	Royal Asiatic Society .....	Two, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.

##### MUSIC

*Twenty-four Progressive Solfeggi for a Soprano, Tenor, and Baritone Voice.* By F. Gladstones. Lea, Strand.

THESE exercises, which are not too elaborate for students, contain much variety of style, and the accompaniments are tastefully arranged to assist the singer and heighten the general effect of the music. A strange omission, however, must strike every one,—viz. that there are neither words nor syllables for the singer to pronounce; therefore, we must suppose that they are intended to be hummed! The mono-syllable *la* is adopted by some; the names of the notes, *do, re, mi, &c.* are insisted upon as most useful by other masters; which of the two methods is approved of by Mr. Gladstones, we are unable to divine. The omission corrected, these *solfeggi* will be found generally useful.

*The Vacant Chair: a Ballad,* by T. H. Bayly, Esq. Keith & Co.

THE muse of Mr. T. H. Bayly is vastly prolific. Here is another sentimental ditty, poetry and music at one delivery. Of the music, it is "*la meilleure d'un genre qui n'est pas le mieux*," with only the tonic, subdominant, and dominant harmony. Poets had better trust to musicians than to their own musical skill.

## THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

An original domestic drama in two acts, from the pen and (we presume) ink of Mr. Jerrold, was acted here on Wednesday. The conception of it we consider very good, and deserving of high praise, but there are partial failures in the execution, which it is our duty to notice. Disagreeable as this duty is, when a piece has been received with acclamation by the audience, and generally praised by the papers, we proceed to it with less hesitation, because, in the present instance, the merits greatly overbalance the defects, and because Mr. Jerrold evinces sufficient power and imagination, as an original writer, to make us anxious to see his attention drawn to a more close adherence to probability. The story founded on Wilkie's celebrated picture of 'The Rent Day,' and the piece opens with a very interesting and effective realization of that beautiful work of art; the first act closing with another, of the 'Distrainting for Rent' by the same artist. There is little to object to in this act, and a great deal of strong interest is awakened. In the second act, Mr. Jerrold seems to have been somewhat hampered with the number of characters he has introduced, and although still stronger effects are produced in it, they are brought about so suddenly, and with so little an observance of likelihood, that the charm was to us broken. For instance, the farmer, *Martin Heywood* (Mr. Wallack), who has been living for years on the best terms with his wife, and in the habit of considering her a pattern of all that is correct, casts her off at a moment's notice, and without choosing to hear one syllable of explanation from her, upon the simple assertion of a low sharper and house-breaker. She becomes in an instant all that is bad; he even seems to be in some doubt as to whether it would not be proper for him to kill her; and, at all events, he determines to leave her for ever, and takes a passage for America. Nothing occurs to shake his determination until the end, when, upon a servant stating that he overheard the aforesaid sharper admit that he had told a lie, he rushes to his injured wife and asks her pardon. This is monstrous and altogether unnatural; and it is the more to be regretted, because an effect, which is good and powerful in itself, might have been brought about in twenty better ways. We have generally seen much to commend in Mr. Jerrold's dramatic productions; his principal faults are a want of stage tact, and an affection of the Shakspearian style of writing, by which he constantly gets out of his depth, and falls into an impenetrable obscurity. These faults were in a great measure laid aside in his late production, called 'The Bride of Ludgate,' but in 'The Rent Day,' we are sorry to observe that they are resumed. We have also some very prosy disquisitions upon the Slave Trade—Emigration—the Game Laws, and sundry other Parliamentary topics, which had better been left to be discussed "in another place." Such are our objections to 'The Rent Day,' and we lament to have them to make, because it seems to have only just missed being one of the cleverest of modern productions. If anything were wanting beside our own feeling to convince us that we are right in our estimate, it would be supplied by the acting of Mr. Wallack, in a part peculiarly suited to him. He played admirably well, but his acting was evidently forced, from his being obliged, at a moment's notice, to throw himself into extremes of feeling, without having had reason or opportunity for working himself up to them. We trust that the author will take what we have said, as it is meant, in good part; that he will ask himself if he cannot discover the reasonableness of our objections, rather than tax us with a groundless cavilling, at a piece

which has been stamped with public approbation; and that he will enable us, the next time he writes, to join, as we shall be happy to do, heart and pen in his praise. We are fully awake to the merits of his present drama, which are unquestionably numerous. The acting on all hands was good, but we are half-inclined to think Mr. Bedford's personation of the villain, *Hyssop*, the best of all. We expect and hope that 'The Rent Day' will draw money to the treasury, for which we undertake that the management will continue to find room, notwithstanding the "nightly overflows."

## COVENT GARDEN.

THERE was a mistake in the Covent Garden play-bill a few days ago, which we wish had been "no mistake." Mr. Kemble was announced for *Joseph Surface*, instead of *Joseph*'s brother, and his own namesake *Charles*. "Let well alone," is an old, good, and, generally speaking, safe maxim; but, like every other rule, it has its exception, or we could never wish to disturb Mr. Kemble's excellent personation of the latter character in the 'School for Scandal.' Masterly, however, as within the period of our memory, this has ever been, we wish he would resign it, if but for a short time, to less able hands. *Charles Surface* is a very important personage in the play, but, to our apprehension, not so much so as his brother *Joseph*. We may be wrong, but, right or wrong, we always say what we think; and, therefore, in this instance we say we think so, and, moreover, we think that Sheridan thought so. Any actor, young, good-looking, gentlemanly, and with a flow of animal spirits, might give us *Charles Surface*, if not with that union of richness and delicacy which characterizes Mr. Kemble's representation, at least with good emphasis and discretion—but it is otherwise with *Joseph*, whose repulsive attributes make it the more necessary, that what few attractions he possesses should be apparent in a tenfold ratio. Mr. Warde, who plays it at one house, is a clever actor, and Mr. Macready, who represents it at the other, is a cleverer: but neither the one nor the other is more like *Joseph Surface* than I (we beg pardon, we,) to Hercules; while Mr. Kemble has, by nature and by art, every leading requisite for the part. Pray then, Mr. Kemble, oblige us—if, as we have already said, but for a short time—by adopting the character; and our firm conviction is, that the public will share largely in the gratification which we shall feel at the success of our appeal.

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE race which we announced as about to take place, between majors and minors, for the opera of 'Robert le Diable,' has been decided, as to order of priority, in favour of the Adelphi. The order of merit must stand over to be adjudged—not to the swiftest, but to the most worthy. The piece produced at this house, on Monday last, under the title of 'Robert le Diable, the Devil's Son,' is the opera of Meyerbeer, without the music, which we take to be the converse of the proposition of the Irishman's apple-pie, made of all quinces. We have had a whole row of dramas upon the same principle, as, for example, the 'Freischütz,' 'The Bottle Imp,' 'cum multis aliis que nunc, &c. Some gentleman, in order to gain his ends upon earth, enlists in the "Devil's Own," and takes the bounty. When the time arrives for him to serve, his heart fails him, and he is anxious to find a substitute; all his endeavours fail, and he is obliged to stand fire himself. This is the plot, and, with variations as to time, place, and persons, the pieces are all substantially the same. 'Robert le Diable' is, perhaps, the dullest of the party as to subject, as appears to us from a perusal of the original; still, Scribe and Meyerbeer are great names, and we therefore have

only to hope, that the "sweetness" of the former has not been wasted upon "desertairs." We have been told, that when this opera was first written, it was found that it would occupy seven hours in representation. Even after much cutting, it, we believe, took nearly six hours. What the music may be, we know not; but we can only say, that it must be something very extraordinary indeed if it is sufficiently good to compensate for the spinning out of so threadbare a subject to even half of the last-mentioned time. The scene which excited most attention in the original, was one which represents a church-yard, wherein are interred, or rather, whereon are laid out, the mortal remains of some fifty frail sisters. To this interesting spot comes *Duke Robert* of Normandy to gather the "mystic branch." The Duke is preceded by the Fiend, who wishes to change places with him, and who charges the bodies of the aforesaid sisters, in the event of the Duke's courage failing him, to resume for a time their earthly forms, and lure him on to his fate. This proceeding is found necessary: the grave clothes are cast aside, and the nuns appear in the only other garment which, on leaving the world, they were allowed to take with them. This might be all very well with a French audience, who are not squeamish in these matters, and who are liberal enough to make allowance for an author who is driven to such shifts; but here, after due deliberation, and, no doubt, one or two *undress* rehearsals, the project was laid aside, and the ladies' clothes were not. The dead nuns, in short, change to live Bacchantes. Those who are satisfied with powerful effects, without caring to inquire what are the causes which produce them, will be much amused by this piece as represented at the Adelphi. The scene we have spoken of is admirably managed, and concludes, after the nuns have again become dead, with a most terrific grouping of the whole ghastly party, and a general sinking of the performers and the stage. Two other scenes, consisting of *tableaux vivans*, most beautifully arranged, were generally admired, and greatly applauded. The piece is well worth seeing for these alone. The difficulties presented by the smallness of the space are cleverly surmounted, and effects are produced which must be seen to be believed. The stage takes to pieces like a child's map; and the whole, a half, a quarter, an eighth, a sixteenth, or any smaller fractional part, seems to be withdrawn and replaced at pleasure. Mr. Yates had the only good part, and he played it and looked it well; Mrs. Yates, Mr. Reeve, and the others, all did the best they had an opportunity of doing. Two pieces only of Meyerbeer's music were introduced—a glee, with a singular drum accompaniment, and a song given to Mrs. Fitzwilliam. Neither was so executed as to make it at all fair to venture upon an opinion as to its merits. The House was crowded, and general satisfaction was loudly testified.

## NEW STRAND THEATRE.

THIS little theatre, under the management of Mr. Rayner, opened on Thursday night. We hear that a licence was applied for and refused, and even that a notice was sent from the Chamberlain's Office, warning the management to open *suo periculo*. In the present state of the law, it was somewhat bold of Mr. Rayner, thus to take the bull by the horns; but, we suppose, he calculates upon taking John Bull by the horns, and if he succeeds in that, his ends may possibly be answered. We are not able to give an account of the performances, for, to say the truth, we had heard that it was intended to put a forcible stop to the proceedings of the evening; and as our business lies exclusively with theatricals, we had no mind to run the risk of being turned out of the theatre, and into a Bow Street reporter. If all should remain quiet, we

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will venture in shortly, and tell our readers something about it next week. In the mean time, we are a general friend to theatres, and wish this all the success it shall be proved to deserve, hoping that the little undertaking will have no disagreeable overtaking. It is somewhat worthy of remark, by quiet and disinterested by-standers, that while Covent Garden and Drury Lane are continually complaining of the encroachments of the minors, and asserting that they are ruined by them, the bills of both houses should be daily asserting, that they are nightly crowded to overflowing. Of course neither of these statements is a what-you-may-call-em, and yet both cannot be true.

## MISCELLANEA

*Mr. Heath's Pictures and Drawings.*—This collection was sold yesterday by Mr. Sotheby, and notwithstanding the badness of the times, there was a briskness in the bidding, which proved that our modern School of Art is justly appreciated. The principal lot was the collection of drawings by J. M. Wright, for the illustration of Shakespeare, in thirty-seven pieces, which brought 14*l.*; Miss Louisa Sharpe's 'Juliet,' brought 37*l.* 16*s.*; Chalon's drawing of 'Hotspur and his wife,' 12*l.* 6*s.*; Stothard's scene from 'Boccaccio,' 12*l.* 12*s.*; and his 'Alfred in the Danish Camp,' 14*l.* 14*s.*; a delightful little gem by Smirke of 'Singing,' brought 17*l.*, and another of 'Listening,' 11*l.* 11*s.*; a charming 'Sketch near Venice,' by Bonington, 22*l.*; Howard's 'Swiss Peasant and Child,' 2*l.* 10*s.* We could not stay the conclusion of the sale, and there remained a large collection of the paintings and drawings of Martin, with some lovely specimens by Stothard in oil.

*Audubon, the celebrated Ornithologist.*—We perceive, by the accounts just arrived from America, that this eminent naturalist is eagerly pursuing those researches, for the prosecution of which, with a view to the completion of his great work, "The Birds of America," he has revisited the United States. Our last news left him in South Carolina, where his labours had been active and successful;—from them we understand, he proceeds southward, to examine anew the vast repositories of animal life which lie on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The Americans seem justly proud of their distinguished countryman:—the numbers of their numerous scientific bodies, and the authorities of Washington, appear to have vied with each other, in testifying their esteem for his talents, and in furthering the objects of his visit. We hear that he will remain some months longer in America.

"That is a huge shark," exclaimed our boatswain, as not far distant from the Western Islands homeward bound, we saw one of that species called by sailors the 'bone shark'—and "must be related," he continued, "to that one we saw in the Straits of St. Bernardine, near Manilla." "I know not how that may be," exclaimed another of the nautical species, who had drawn up alongside the boatswain, "but if he be at all related, the relationship is very distant."

*Wax from Poplar-flowers.*—A land-owner in Flanders is said to have succeeded in obtaining a considerable quantity of wax, by putting the flowers of the poplar-tree into bags, and submitting them to pressure. The wax is of good quality, and has an agreeable perfume. So remarkable an experiment is worth repeating.

*Population of New York in 1731 and 1831.*—A copy of the census of the city of New York, taken in the year 1731, a hundred years ago.—The rapid advance of the city in population, in the course of a century, is an interesting sub-

ject of consideration. The number of inhabitants at that time was 8,622;—it is now more than 200,000. The number of white inhabitants in 1731 was 7015 only; now there are 192,652.—Census taken by order of Rip Vandam, Esq., President of the Province of New York. Henry Beckman, Esq., Sheriff.

1731—White Males . . . .	3771
White Females . . . .	3274
	7045
Black Males . . . .	785
Black Females . . . .	792
	1577
	8622

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th.	19 42 27	30.32	Var.	Cloudy.
Fri.	20 40 38	30.10	S.W.	Ditto.
Sat.	21 44 30	Stat.	S.W.	Ditto.
Sun.	22 44 40	Stat.	S.W.	Ditto.
Mon.	23 44 32	30.15	S.	Ditto.
Tues.	24 47 34	30.03	S.W.	Clear.
Wed.	25 48 30	29.75	S.W.	Ditto.

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus. Nights fair; Mornings fair, excepting Tuesday. Mean temperature of the week, 37° 5'. Increase of day on Wednesday, 58 min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

*Forthcoming.*—In a few days, Redolph, a Dramatic Fragment.

Stanzas in Continuation of Don Juan, &c.

A Treatise on the Rules of Construction of Deeds, Wills, and other Documents of Title to Lands, by Mr. R. G. Hall.

The Records of a Good Man's Life, by the Rev. Charles B. Taylor, M.A.

Picture Melodies, being Illustrations, Musical and Poetical, of several of our National Pictures.

Songs for Sunday Evenings.

Songs of the Exclusives, being a Sequel to the Songs of Almack's.

Lectures on the Dispensations of God with Adam, by the Rev. Ralph Wardle, Thatcham, Berks.

The Village Blacksmith, by James Everett. Third Edition.

Specimens of the Edifices of Palladio, selected from the finest Examples of his Architecture at Vicenza, by Mr. Arundell.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS

Thanks to J. G.—E. P.—J. E.—L. M. C.—M. R. S.—P.

The letter of H. L. C. requires consideration.—We regret that it is not in our power to answer the question of J. C. Sheffield.—W. A. will see a work on the subject announced in this day's paper.

Next week, 'Living Artists, No. 12, THOMAS PHILIPS, R.A.'

*Erratum.*—In the advertisement of the 'Journal of a Tour through Styria, &c.' inserted last week, the author's name was printed *Tobbin*, instead of *Tobin*.

It appears we were in error, in stating that Mr. Harris, whose songs were reviewed in No. 219, was chorister-master at Drury Lane.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

D. A. Talboys, Oxford; and Whittaker and Co. London.  
**A N ADDRESS to a CHRISTIAN CONGREGATION,** on the Approach of the CHOLERA MORBIS, by the Rev. W. SEWELL, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, and Chaplain of Carisbrooke Castle. 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.*

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# THE ATHENÆUM.

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## THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW,

No. XVII. will be published on Monday, the 30th instant,  
Soho-square, Jan. 25.

## THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

(NEW SERIES.)

The Number for February contains a graphic Sketch of ANTI-RADICAL, with an Ode to SIR CHARLES WETHERELL.

The Contents are—  
I.—A Project for the Diffusion of Useful Ignorance—II. Opening of Parliament—III. Lives of celebrated Travellers—IV. Ode to Sir C. Wetherell; with the Portrait of Anti-Radical—V. Specimens of Latin Comedy: The Captives—Plautus—VI. Calamities of Carrington—VII. A Modest Defence of Literary Puffing!—VIII. The Parson's Box—IX. The Case of Mr. C. W. D. and the County and the Bank of England—X. Elliston and the Ass—Head—XII. A Legend of the Egan—XIII. Sonnet, from Petrarch—XIV. Sketch of a Warrior of the 17th Century—XV. The Polish Widow to her Son—Tibes versus Reut—No. 2—XVI. Parliamentary Pastoral; and other Poems—XVII. by the Duke of Newcastle—XVIII. Dramatic Monstrosity—XIX. Brevities—XX. The Lay of the Lost Minstrel—XXI. Notes of the Month on General Affairs—XXII. Review of Books. The Drama, Five Arts, Literary Notices, Agricultural Report, &c. &c.

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## THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE,

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### PRINCIPAL CONTENTS :

The Old Highlander: a Tale, by the Enruek Shepherd. Party Spirit: a Dramatic Dialogue. By an Eminent Writer. Many Many Tales; continued, by the Author of "Neapolitan Forster."

The Life of a Sailor, No. VIII. The Violin, No. III. A Day at Waterloo. The Seaport, from the Italian of Ugo Foscolo.

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II.

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III.

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